

3
Just Published.

KEMMISH's Annual - Harmonist;

OR, THE
BRITISH APOLLO;
BEING A COMPLETE
LYRIC REPOSITORY
AND
BANQUET OF AMUSEMENT:

CONTAINING THE
WHIMS of the NIGHT and DAY:

WITH ALL THE
MONSTROUS GOOD,

AND CONVIVIAL
SONGS

CATCHES, GLEES, DUETS, &c.

SUNG THIS SEASON, IN THE

PRISONER,
JUST IN TIME,
HARTFORD BRIDGE,

PIRATES, at
VAUXHALL,
BERMONDSEY SPA,

And various other polite Assemblies.

LIKEWISE,

The PRESIDENT's COMPANION;
OR,
COMPLEAT TOAST-MASTER.

For the better Encouragement of this Work, W. K. offers for the best
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Morocco.— Third Best in Calf.

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TO THE

S U B S C R I B E R S

AND THE

P U B L I C.

THE *Proprietor*, would be greatly wanting in Gratitude, was he not to offer his best Acknowledgments for the very kind and liberal Encouragement which his Subscribers and the Public, have given to his *Annual Book of Songs*, ever since he has had the honor to publish one (which has been for this seven Years past). Begs most humbly to acquaint them, That he has enlarged his Book

B 2

both

TO THE SUBSCRIBERS, &c.

both in Bulk and Size, with many other Additions which he hopes will meet their general Approbation; and that he means for the future, to give a *beautiful engraved Title-page and Frontispiece*; and begs also, his generous Readers will pay *great Attention to what he holds forth in the Title-page, for this Year, 1793*, as he means to keep his Word with his Friends and the Public in general; and that this Book contains all the best SONGS sung in the *Pirates, Prisoner, Just in Time, and Hartford Bridge*.—Also, all the *Vauxhall Songs, Bernomys, Spa, &c. &c.*



TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The pretended new Song, sent by a Lady, may be found in the Songster's Magazine.

The Correspondent that styles himself clever in the Poetical line, ought to use his Abilities to a better Purpose, as he may be assured he will not have a Place in this favorite Publication; we only inform him once for all, that he need not trouble himself more.

Our Correspondents, that have favored us for Years past, will find many of their Productions inserted.

We beg those Ladies and Gentlemen that send their Letters from the Country, will pay Postage, as the Expence falls too heavy on the Printer.



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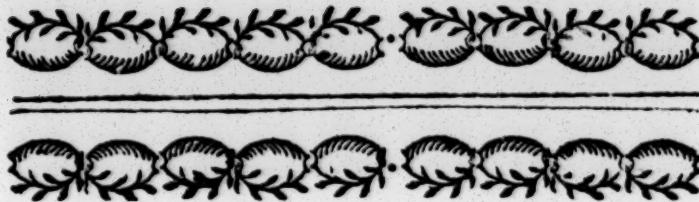
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SONGS, &c.

INTRODUCTORY SONG.

SINCE singing, we find, is the taste of the age,
And music and mirth a lalike does engage,
My friends and subscribers will not think me wrong
If by way of a *Preface*, I sing them a song,

Sing tantarara, sing all, &c.

Each tradesman, industrious, on business relies,
At I the *whim* of the moment must catch a fit flies;
To live and live honest, is sure the best plan,
And all are a striving to ' catch as catch can,'

Sing tantarara, &c.

Success

Success is uncertain, whatever we do,
Preseruance, and time will bring all things in view,
Tho' Printer 'gainst Printer, with envy may strive,
And against one another still cut and contrive,

Sing tantarara, &c.

All such mean contentions, still let me defy,
The success of another shall ne'er make me sigh ;
Yet I'll try all I can in life's whimsical chace,
That it may not be said I am last in the race.

Sing tantararara, try all, &c.

Let candour still over each action preside,
Be honest industry ever my guide ;
No mortal I hate, and I rail at no brother,
But suppose I've a right, yet, to try like another,

Sing tantararara, &c.

In quality, quantity, neatness, and size,
I leave it to those who will trust their own eyes ;
New songs and new subjects, must surely be right,
And *Mirth, Love, and Music* each one delight.

Sing tantararara, &c.

With the gay *whims* of fancy I'll constantly rove,
That each voice may be suited with laughter or love ;
The toper, the sportsman, alike, each may find
A song, toast, or sentiment just to his mind.

Sing tantararara, &c.

To the festival come then, ye old and ye young,
Relax the rigours of the day with a song ;
Let the lisp, the pleasing, her enigma display,
And while we have health and have life, let's be gay,

Sing tantararara, &c.

THE

THE LUCKY ESCAPE.

I THAT once was a ploughman, a sailor am now;
 No lark that aloft in the sky
 Ever flutter'd his wings, to give speed to the plow,
 Was so gay and so careless as I :
 But my friend was a carpenter aboard a King's ship,
 And he ax'd me to go just to sea for a trip,
 And he talk'd of such things,
 As if sailors were Kings,
 And so teasing did keep,
 That I left my poor plow, to go plowing the deep,
 No longer the horn
 Call'd me up in the morn,
 I trusted to the carpenter and the inconstant wind,
 That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

I did not much like for to be aboard a ship,
 When in danger, there's no door to creep out.
 I lik'd the jolly tars, I lik'd bumbo and flip.
 But I did not like rocking about ;
 By and-by came a hurricane, I did not like that,
 Next a battle that many a sailor laid flat,
 Ah ! cried I, who would roam,
 That like me had a home,
 When I'd sow and I'd reap,
 Ere I left my poor plow, to go plowing the deep,
 Where sweetly the horn. &c.

At last safe I landed, and in a whole skin,
 Nor did I make any long stay,
 Ere I found by a friend who I ax'd for my kin,
 Father dead, and my wife ran away ;
 Ah ! who but thyself, said I, hast thou to blame,
 Wives losing their husbands oft lose their good
 name,
 Ah ! why did I roam,
 When so happy at home.

I could sow and could reap,
 Ere I left my poor plow to go plowing the deep ;
 When so sweetly the horn
 Call'd me up in the morn
 Curse light upon the carpenter and the inconstant
 wind,
 That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

Why if that be the case, said this very same friend,
 And you ben't no more minded to roam,
 Gi's a shake of the fist, all your care's at an end
 Dad's alive, and your wife's safe at home ;
 Stark staring with joy I leap'd out of my skin,
 Buss'd my wife, mother, sister, and all of my kin :
 Now cry'd I let them roam
 Who want a good home,
 I am well so I'll keep,
 Nor again leave the plow to go plowing the deep ;
 Once more shall the horn
 Call me up in the morn,
 Nor shall any d——d carpenter nor the inconstant
 wind,
 Ere tempt me for to go and leave my dear behind.

TAR FOR ALL WEATHERS.

I SAIL'D from the Downs in the Nancy,
 My jib, how it smack'd thro' the breeze,
 She is a vessel as tight to my fancy
 As ever sail'd on the salt seas ;
 Then adieu to the white cliffs of great Britain,
 Our girls and our dear native shore,
 For if some hard rocks we should split on,
 We shall not see them any more.

CHORUS

CHORUS.

But sailors were born for all weathers,
 Great guns, let it blow high, blow low,
 Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
 And where the gale drives we must go.

When we entered the gut of Gibraltar,
 I verily thought she'd have sunk,
 For the wind so began for to alter,
 She yaw'd just as tho' she was drunk ;
 The squall tore the mainsail to shivers,
 Helm a weather the hoarse boatswain cries,
 Brace the sail athwart—see how she quivers,
 As through the rough tempest she flies.
 But sailors were born, &c.

The storm came on thicker and faster,
 As black just as pitch was the sky,
 When truly a doleful disaster
 Befel three poor sailors and I ;
 Ben Buntline, Sam Shroud, and Dick Handsail,
 By a blast that came furious and hard,
 Just as they were furling the mainsail,
 Were every soul swept from the yard.
 But sailors were born, &c.

Poor Ben, Sam, and Dick cry'd peccavi,
 As for I, at the risk of my neck,
 While they sunk down in peace to Old Davy,
 Caught a rope and so landed on deck ;
 Well, what would you have ; we were stranded,
 And out of a fine jolly crew,
 Of three hundred that fail'd, never landed,
 But I, and I think twenty-two.
 But sailors were born, &c.

After thus we at sea had miscary'd,
 Another gues's way fat the wind,
 For to England I came, and got marry'd,
 To a lass that was lovely and kind ;
 But whether for joy or vexation,
 We know not for what we are born,
 Perhaps I may find a kind station,
 Perhaps I may touch at Cape Horn.
 But sailors were born, &c.

DEATH OF POOR JACK.

POOR Jack, whose gay heart kept his spirits aloft,
 And ever gave mirth its full due,
 Who sadness despised, nor to grieve was so soft,
 Which made him the life of the crew.
 Having weather'd the tempests of ocean and fate,
 Distraining all hardships and fear,
 Haste'n'd home to his Poll with his true hearted mate,
 To be laid up in pleasure's snug tier.
 With a good store of shiners his chest was supply'd.
 Says he now I'm on the right tack,
 " For that cherub, on whom I've so often rely'd,
 " Has home, safe and sound brought poor Jack."
 To his heart Poll he press'd, the glad moment was
 fixt,
 When tow'ards church he would take her in tow ;
 And there the good chaplain should soon name the
 text,
 That would splice 'em together you know.
 To his messmates elated he mentioned the morn,
 And forecastle jokes went around,
 As how that they hoped he'd not double Cape Horn,
 Or on jealousy's shoals run aground ;
 But snug at the helm he'd all dangers defy,
 Laugh at those who'd his comforts attack,
 And the sweet little cherub aloft would espy
 Waving ensigns of joy o'er poor Jack.

That

That night which was nam'd by her sailor the last
 Poll should sleep in her hammock alone,
 He resolv'd with his shipmates in glee should be past,
 And mirth in his countenance shone ;
 He troll'd the blythe stave, drank a health to his king,
 Good liquor had cherish'd his soul,
 When a seaman a signal from beauty did bring,
 Which call'd him away to his Poll ;
 " Avaft friend adieu ! for a moment we part ;
 Poll commands me, about I must tack ;
 For she's the sweet cherub that reigns in the heart
 Of your friend and companion poor Jack."

But scarce from the cabin of friendship he flew
 Ere the sky form'd a picture so dread,
 The rain beat aloud, and the winds fiercely blew,
 And thunder roll'd over his head ;
 For his messmates at sea, how his bosom did swell,
 He sigh'd more than once for their fate ;
 Blue light'ning flash'd round him, the kind victim fell,
 His soul fled to death's calm retreat.
 The cherub, who ever to virtue is near,
 Bore it hence through a clear lucid track,
 Yet gaz'd on his dust, and dropt a salt tear,
 To deprive his sweet Poll of poor Jack.

NANCY OF BRISTOL.

FAREWELL my dearest Nancy,
 Since I to the seas must go,
 If the wind it should blow hard, my boys,
 As God would have it so ;
 The fishes in the ocean
 Shall my companions be,
 Since so being is a pleasure love,
 None has my heart but thee.

Our goodly ship lay beating
 All on the English shore,
 We hoisted up our top sails,
 As we had done before ;
 We weigh'd our anchor briskly, boys,
 Then we set sail for sea,
 Our goodly ship she ran a-ground,
 Sweet girl I thought on thee.

Our goodly ship lay beating
 All off the Irish shore,
 We put into Cork Harbour,
 And staid a month or more ;
 The wind it did blow hard, my boys,
 All things ran cross with me,
 Whene'er I put my foot on shore,
 Sweet girl I thought on thee.

So fare you well Cork Harbour,
 For Gibraltar sail'd we,
 From thence unto New York,
 From thence to Virginia ;
 Where there were fine towns and palaces,
 And pretty girls I see,
 But of all the women in the world,
 There's are none I love but thee.

So fare you well Virginia,
 Tis you I leave behind,
 And steer my course for Bristol,
 Some comfort for to find ;
 Thro' love and despair,
 While she sat on my knee,
 But of all the woman in the world,
 None has my heart but she.

THE SOLDIER's ADIEU.

ADIEU, adieu ! my only life,
 My honor calls me from thee,
 Remember thou'rt a soldier's wife,
 Those tears but ill become thee :
 What though by duty I am call'd,
 Where thund'ring cannons rattle ;
 Where Valor's self might stand appal'd,
 When on the wings of thy true love,
 To heaven above thy tender oraisons are flown,
 The tender prayer thou put'st up there,
 Shall call a guardian angel down,
 To watch me in the battle.

My safety thy fair truth shall be,
 As sword and buckler serving,
 My life shall be more dear to me,
 Because of thy preserving ;
 Let perils come, let horrors threat,
 Let thund'ring cannons rattle,
 I fearless seek the conflict's heat,
 Assured when on the wings of love,
 To heaven above, &c.

Enough with that benignant smile,
 Some kindred god inspir'd thee,
 Who saw thy bosom void of guile,
 Who wonder'd and admir'd thee ;
 I go after'd—my life adieu !
 Where thund'ring cannons rattle,
 Where murd'ring carnage stalk in view,
 When on the wings of my true love,
 To heaven above, &c.

HAPPY

HAPPY JERRY.

I WAS of pride of all the Thames,
 My name was Natty Jerry,
 The best of smarts and flashy dames,
 I've carried in my wherry ;
 For then no mortal soul like me,
 So merrily did jog it,
 I lov'd my wife and friend—d'ye see,
 And won the prize of Dogget ;
 In coat and badge so neat and spruce,
 I row'd all blyth and merry,
 And all the watermen did use,
 To call me happy Jerry.

But times soon chang'd—I went to sea,
 My wife and friend betray'd me,
 And in my absence treach'rously,
 Some pretty frolics play'd me ;
 Return'd, I us'd them like a man,
 But still 'twas so provoking,
 I could not joy my very can,
 Nor even fancy smoaking ;
 In tarnish'd badge and coat so queer,
 No longer blyth and merry,
 Old friends now pafs me with a sneer,
 And call me dismal Jerry.

At sea—as with a dang'rous wound,
 I lay under the surgeons,
 Two friends whose help I wanted, found
 In every emergence ;
 Soon after my sweet friend and wife,
 Into that mess had brought me,
 These two kind friends who sav'd my life,
 In my misfortunes fought me ;

We've

We've come, cry'd they, that once again,
 In coat and badge so merry,
 Your kind old friends the watermen,
 May hail you happy Jerry.

I'm Peggy, once your soul's delight,
 'To whom you prov'd a rover,
 Who since that time in man's attire,
 Have sought you the world over ;
 And I, cry'd t' other, am that Jack,
 When boys you us'd so badly ;
 That now the best friend to your back,
 Then prithee look not sadly,
 Few words are best, I seiz'd their hands,
 My grateful heart grew merry,
 And now in love and friendship's bands,
 I'm once more happy Jerry.

THE SHIPWRECK,

Sung by Messrs. NIELD, BELLAMY, & Miss CORIE,
At Hanover-Square Concert.

RECITATIVE.

THE silver moon cast her resplendent light,
 Adding fresh lustre to the coming night ;
 The vessel by a sweet and pleasant gale,
 Upon the Northern ocean swift did sail ;
 The honest tar now spends his watch on deck,
 Thinks on his absent love, and cannot check
 The tender hope—that now tho' on the main,
 He soon may view his lovely lass again,

Turns.

Turns round his quid—he heaves a figh and pays
His true affection in his simple lays.

AIR—MR. NIELD.

Though now upon the swelling seas,
Far, far remote from joy and ease—
Far from my constant Sue ;
Still, still my ever faithful heart,
From true affection ne'er will part,
But dwells with love and you.

The mid-watch forms each anxious fear,
Since absent from her I hold dear,
Yet still my lovely Sue,—
When quitting once the boist'rous main,
Homeward to thee I'll step again,
What joy will then ensue.

RECITATIVE—MISS CORRIE.

While thus in honest strains Ben chear'd his heart,
Alleviating every anxious smart ;
A threat'ning cloud bespread around the sky,
Denoting that a dreadful storm was nigh :—
The thunders roll, the vivid light'nings flash,
The mast went over with a horrid crash :
Ben view'd the wreck—he thought on her he lov'd,
And cannot view the awful sight unmov'd.

AIR—MISS CORRIE.

The timbers of my constant heart,
I fear will quickly break ;
Ah, Sue, for ever we shall part,
I die for thy dear sake !
Alas ! thy ever constant Ben,
Will ne'er behold his Sue again.

RECITATIVE

RECITATIVE—MR. BELLAMY.

He scarce had spoke before a dreadful wave,
 Threw honest Ben into a watery grave :—
 He struggled hard, in dismal horror sigh'd,
 Blest Susan's name, and ev'ry effort try'd ;
 He strove in vain to gain the distant shore,
 But soon exhausted—unk—to rise no more !

FINALE—MR. BELLAMY.

Oh, hapless tar, unto thy shade,
 Let pity drop a tear ;
 And every youth and virtuous maid,
 Thy memory revere.
 For even when in danger plung'd,
 Bound round in horror's wreath ;
 Thy heart with pure affection true,
 Sunk in the arms of death.

THE POOR PEASANT.

THO' the Muses ne'er smile by the light of the sun,
 Yet they visit my cot, when my labour is done ;
 And while on my pillow of straw I recline,
 A wreath of sweet flow'rets they sportively twine :
 But in vain the fair damsels weave chaplets for me,
 Since my heart is devoted, dear Mary to thee.

Full oft I reflect on my indigent state :
 But reflection, and reason, are ever too late ;
 They tell me I sigh for too beauteous a fair,
 And fill my sad bosom with doubts and despair.
 Then hope, kindly smiling, averts their decree,
 For my heart is devoted, dear Mary, to thee.

When

When the shrill pipe and tabor proclaim the light
dance,
With transport I see my dear Mary advance ;
Then such grace she displays, while she trips 'midst
the throng,
That each shepherd with rapture to her tunes his
song :
But by none she's belov'd with such truth as by me,
For my heart is devoted, dear Mary, to thee.

ESCAPED FROM ROCKS, &c.

Tune—The Topsails, &c.

ESCAP'D from rocks and shoals and sands,
I'll put to sea no more ;
But truly with uplifted hands,
Now kiss the friendly shore :
I bid adieu to wars alarms,
To taste repose in Betsey's arms.

Blest in content, in lovely vale,
She does each vow approve :
No passion now can raise a gale,
But harmony and love.
So farewell to dread wars alarms,
And welcome bliss in Betsey's arms.

THE

MISS TIPPET.

Tune, — O bonny Lass, &c.

H E

MISS Tippet, O say, will you lie in a garret,
 And live with a taylor on cabbage and carrot,
 When the season approaches with cucumbers plenty
 With me you will think you enjoy every dainty?

S H E

O yes, Mr. Snip, I will certainly prove it,
 To live in a garret and think no more of it,
 Let me but have cabbage and cucumbers plenty,
 With you I shall think I enjoy every dainty.

H E

Yet you, like your neighbours, sometimes may be
 boasting,
 That fine at the fire, a goose is a roasting,
 For dear Dolly Tippet, I never will fail her,
 If she is but kind, still to Snip, her own taylor.

S H E

Yes, while you sit cross-legg'd I'll trim up a bonnet,
 Or a hat, or a cloak, and think no more on it,
 And cabbage as well as yourself I will snip it,
 From the silk which I have for a cloak or a tippet.

B O T H.

With you then, my dear, I will lay in a garret,
 And live upon cucumbers, cabbage, and carrot,
 As seasons approach, and such things are in plenty.
 With you I shall think I enjoy ev'ry dainty.

D

S H E

S H E.

O how rare I shall live, with dear Snip I may fay,
 And feast on roast goose and cabbage each day,
 Yet one thing must beg, tho' the boon is but small,
 That each night you'll give me your bodkin & all.

WHAT NINNIES YOU BE.

*Sung with universal Applause by Mr. PALMER, jun.
 at the Theatre, BRIGHTON.*

WHENE'ER in my travels I 'lighted,
 Where Love had his conquests been making,
 My laughter wou'd straight be excited,
 To see the fond fools in such taking ;
 And thus I'd have at 'em—What ninnies you be,
 The urchin shou'd ne'er make a captive of me.
 What ninnies,
 What ninnies,
 What ninnies you be.

Here's a tar, who in battle unshaken,
 Can stand tho' of death he be sharer,
 I've seen of his courage forsaken,
 At nought but the touch of an arrow.
 'Tis monstrous that sailors such ninnies shou'd be,
 The urchin shou'd ne'er make a captive of me.
 What ninnies, &c.

Jack Oaken (a better was never)
 There's he I've seen sobbing and sighing,
 And cursing the Fates he's for ever,
 A life with his Poll for denying.

How

How shameful that sailors such ninnies shou'd be,
 The urchin shou'd ne'er make a captive of me.
 What ninnies, &c.

But really the dog's such a deep one,
 (And sounds one would hardiy believe it)
 That even our guard tho' we be 'pon,
 He nabs one afore we perceive it ;
 Or else he had ne'er made the same thing of me,
 For which I've been crying what ninnies you be.
 What ninnies, &c.



THE REFORMER OF ENGLAND.

Tunc—*The Roast Beef of Old England,*

COME listen, good Folks, and a tale I'll relate,
 How a stay-maker fain would have made himself
 great,
 And from mending of stays, took to mending the
 State.

Oh ! the Reformer of England,
 And oh ! the Reformer—Tom Paine !

This Stay-maker once an Exciseman was made,
 Where he learn'd all the tricks that the smugglers
 e'er play'd,
 And some tricks of his own ;—till kick'd out of
 that trade.

Oh ! the Reformer, &c

Next America saw him o'erflowing with spite,
 'Gainst the sons of old England he'd write and he'd
 write,
 And brandish his goose quill—but ne'er chose to
 fight.

Oh ! the Reformer, &c.

When

When Pease once was settled, he'd stay there no more,

(For *Peace* and *Tom Paine* ne'er could live on one shore)

But transported to France made a hellish uproar.

Oh! the Reformer, &c.

Now, protected by laws which he strives to o'erthrow
At Britain he aims his unnatural blow,

And would lay all the Sons of true Liberty low.

Oh! the Reformer, &c.

Let the Jacobins take him;—They soon will requite him,

Since riot, and rapine, and murder delight him,
But let us live in peace, if t'were only to spite him.

Oh! the Reformer, &c.

Unite then, ye Britons, unite in applause,
To the men who stand forth for our rights and our laws,

And from runagate Traitors defend our good cause.

Then, up with the cause of old England,
And down with the tricks of Tom Paine.

Our *true British Freedom* for ages shall stand,
In spite of sedition and *Paine's* hellish band,
And “*GOD SAVE THE KING*” shall resound
through the land.

So God Save the King of old England,
And down with sedition and Paine.



A NEW CLUB SONG.

WELL since we are met I will try for to sing,
But first make a note—I can do no such thing;—
Yet as my intent is to pleasure the club,
Give me leave to proceed, but first give me some bub.

Derry down.

And

And now I presume there's not any one here,
 But what loves a draught of good British brown
 beer,
 A pipe of tobacco—a girl in her place,
 If ther's any that don't let the rogue hide his face.

But yet I've got something to say 'gainst strong
 beer,
 It is in a quart half-a-penny too dear ;
 When Old George was king, and this young one a
 cub,
 The odd halfpence found 'bacco for the use of the
 club.

There's clubs of all sorts, and all sizes, you know,
 There's rich clubs, and poor clubs, and high clubs,
 and low,
 There's strong clubs, and long clubs, and short
 clubs, they say,
 And clubs for maccaronies, like truffles of hay.

There's the club at Soho, at Corneli's met.
 Where for masquerade dresses some folks run in
 debt.
 There a Venus that's long been for pleasure in-
 clin'd,
 Can under her mask tell Adonis her mind.

The next is the ladies famed club Cotterie,
 Where they say no male creatures admitted to be,
 What the ladies do there, there's no one that says,
 But 'tis thought they go to get busks to their stays.

There's clubs for the men, there's clubs for the
 women.
 There's nose clubs, and chin clubs, and clubs met
 for grinning ;

Those are innocent clubs, while the members agree,
But the clubs used, at Brentford are no clubs for
me,

The club that I like, is this club where we're met,
To spend an odd sixpence or so and not fret,
After labouring hard, my boys, all the day long,
No false latin, at night, in a quart and a song.

The Parliament House, the great national club,
They drink not, nor sing, they've a deal of hub bub,
There each one turns patriot his own end to serve,
But the poor they must club for themselves, or else
starve.

Come hand me a pot I must have some more beer,
Come, gentlemen all, not forgetting the chair;
Of another good toast I intend to make sure,
'Tis d—nation to them that oppresses the poor.
Derry down.

ADAM AND EVE.

COMPOSED BY MR. BROWN OF SOUTHWARK.

Tune—*The grey-ey'd Morn*

TIS woman only that can bless mankind,
In her alone are centred all our joys;
In her endearing charms an happiness we find,
Which ever gives delight and never cloys.

Without a fair one join'd in Hymen's band
On earth no lasting pleasure we receive:
Thus Adam, tho' he'd all at his command,
No Paradiſe enjoy'd without his Eve.

PAT's

PAT's OATH.

Tune, — *Lang Lee.*

WHEN driving thro' Highgate, I stood a good in't,
 This voluntary oath forc'd to take there, my dear—
 But ere now I swore, I pray'd all to be silent,
 And nothing but silence, oh faith, could you hear,
 What num'ers were gather'd all alone fir, to gaily,
 The landlord took care of my little shillelagh,
 While I call'd out for drink, as I always do daily,
 Oh! a duck loves to swim, faith and troth, d'ye see.

Before now I spoke, why I said to my friend, fir,
 Take hold of that tankard, and give it to me;
 For ere I begin, I must make a good end, fir,
 And faith, sure enough, I the bottom did see.

Now all on the top of the coach took their places,
 While those that were inside put outside their faces,
 And our number divided, together increases,
 For the sake of Pat's oath, faith and troth do you see.

I swear when I've beer, that I'll never drink water,
 Except the weak stuff is quite strong in a bowl;
 I'll ne'er court mother before her sweet daughter,
 But when it's behind her, I kiss the young soul.

To let a jug stand, going round, I ne'er will, fir,
 And when we are empty with drinking our fill,
 fir,

I'll stand up and move—that we all shall sit still,
 fir,

Oh, as Patrick's my judge, faith and troth d'ye see.

When serious, I never will joke, I declare, fir,
 Nor ever be backward to any one's face—

And

And when that behind me, I see a sweet fair, sir,
 O faith I will walk on, and give her the first place ;
 And when in the dark I perceive a sweet creature,
 Turn'd out in the streets, and by fortune's ill-
 nature.

In plentiful want, sir, oh faith I will teach her,
 That Pat has a heart, faith and troth do you see.

I swear that my heart it shall never surrender
 To the charms of an ugly old maid, while I've
 breath ;
 Except there is cash, and I will then be so tender,
 O faith I will squeeze the dear creature to death.
 But if my sweet charmer I find prone to evil,
 I swear with my angel, I'll sure play the devil,
 But never be rude, sir, without being civil—
 For that would be a shame, faith and troth d'ye see.



The PYEMAN's TRIP to BAGSHOT CAMP.

Tune, — O my Kitten, &c.

O LORD what a place is a camp,
 What wonderful doings are here,
 How the people are all on the tramp,
 Now to me it is devilish queer.
 There's ladies a swigging of gin,
 And cropt maccaronies likewise,
 There's I, with my who'll up and win ?
 Come here is your hot mutton pies.

There's horses and asses and chaise,
 And waggons and carts out of number,
 Here's racketing nights and by days,
 And inns full of dead and live lumber ;
 Now

Now there is a beau in a gig,
 And here is a lady in clover,
 And there lies an Alderman's wig,
 With Billy the taylor done over,

There's galloping this way and that,
 With madam stand out of the way,
 With, fie, sir ! what would you be at,
 Come, none of your impudence pray ;
 There's halt,—to the right about face,
 There's laughing and screaming and cries,
 And milliners men out of place,
 And I with my hot mutton pies.

There's the heath all the world like a fair,
 There's butlers, sutlers, and cooks,
 There's popping away in the air,
 And captains with terrible looks ;
 There's how do you do ? pretty well,
 O the dust has half blinded my eyes,
 There's fellow, pray what do you tell,
 Why here is my hot mutton pies.

I NEVER WILL BE MARRIED.

WHEN I had scarcely told fifteen,
 My flattering tell-tale glas,
 Told me there seldom could be seen,
 A blither bonnier lass ;
 Full twenty lovers round me bow'd,
 But high my head I carried,
 And with a scornful air I vow'd,
 I never would be married.

Young

Young Harry warmly urg'd his suit,
 And talk'd of wealth in store,
 While Jemmy thought to strike me mute,
 And told his conquests o'er;
 Each youth a different art essay'd,
 And still their arts I parried,
 Believe me, sir, I laughing cry'd,
 I never will be married.

Then five revolving summers past,
 While I the tyrant play'd,
 Ah! when I fear'd twould be at last,
 My fate to die a maid;
 Of all the lover's in my train
 There was but one tarried,
 I thought 'twas time to change my strain,
 And we this morn were married.

WILLIAM OF THE FERRY.

OFT as on Thames banks I stray,
 Where nymphs and swains appear,
 From all their sports I turn away,
 If William be not there;
 Nymphs then laugh,
 The swains all quaff
 Their cyder, ale, and perry,
 Then nod and wink,
 While health they drink
 To William of the Ferry,
 Dear William of the Ferry.

Then on the stream the youths attend,
 Their manly skill to shew,

With

With rival force the oar they bend,
 And o'er the surface row ;
 But none I am sure,
 E'er ply the oar,
 Or steer so well the wherry,
 As he who won
 The prize alone,

Young William, &c.

Such bliss to me his smiles impart,
 Whene'er he talks of love,
 That now I find my yielding heart
 Does all his hopes approve ;
 So Hymen's bands
 Shall join our hands,
 Then I'll be blithe and merry,
 And sing through life,
 The happy wife,

To William, &c.

—

A PLANXTY.

If you'd travel the wide world all over,
 And sail across quite round the globe,
 You must set on horseback from Dover,
 And sail unto sweet Ballingrobe ;
 'Tis there you'll see Ireland so famous,
 That was built before Adam was breech'd,
 Who liv'd in the reign of King Shamus,
 Ere he wás at the Boyne over-reach'd.

C H O R U S.

With my wack fal de lal, fal de lal lee,
 O the land of Shillelah for me.

There

There you'll see Ulster, and Munster, and Leinster,
 Connaught, and sweet Kilkenny likewise,
 That city where first, at a spinster,
 I open'd these pair of black eyes ;
 In this town there is fire without smoaking,
 For a penny you'd buy fifty eggs ;
 And then there's such wit without joking.
 And rabbits without any legs.

There you'll see my ancestors glorious,
 The sons of the brave O's and Macs,
 Who died whene'er they were victorious,
 And after that ne'er turn'd their backs ;
 Our heads are stout and full of valour,
 Our hearts are wise and full of brains,
 In love we ne'er blush nor change colour,
 And the ladies reward all our pains.

St. Patrick is still our protector,
 He made us in Island of Saints,
 Drove our snakes and toads like an Hector,
 And ne'er shut his eyes to complaints ;
 Then if you would live and be frisky,
 And ne'er die when you're in bed,
 Come to Ireland and tipple the whisky,
 And drink ten years after you're dead.

SONNET.

Sung by Sig. Lazarini, at Hanover-square Concert.

THE vessel when by tempests tost
 Upon the raging main ;
 And now the pilot thinks she's lost,
 And now he hopes again.
 Thus love's divided bosom fears,
 By turns exults, by turns despairs.

THE

THE HUMOROUS PARODY.

BY W. K.

Tune—*They call me Honest Harry, O!*

THEY call me roving Jerry, O!

I love ale and sherry, O!

True mirth and glee—

Are Gods with me!

For I am ever merry, O!

Poll, and Sall, and Betty, O!

Kit, and Nan, and Letty, O!

You may woo,

I know my cue,

And warrant I will fit ye. O!

I'm for a lass that's merry, O!

With a drop of derry, O!

And Sue's the girl,

She'll cut out Sall,

And she's the lass for Jerry, O!

So Poll, and Sall and Betty, O!

Kit, and Nan, and Letty, O!

In vain you woo,

For I love Sue,

For she is kind and pretty, O!

Her to church I'll carry, O!

In spite of Ned or Larry, O!

For she can joke,

And drink, and smoke,

And she's the lass I'll marry; O!

Then we will be so merry, O!

And yet blind drunk with derry, O!

Till we are led,

Helpless to bed,

And so to snooze we'll sherry, O!

JOLLY JACK OF DOVER:

OR,

THE FRENCH IMPORTER.

I'M jolly Jack Main-topmast, call'd jolly Jack of Dover,
 Who've lately been employ'd much in bringing Frenchmen over :
 Split my top-stays if ever I'd such car goes before, Sir,
 And sink me to the bottom if I'll carry any more, Sir.

CHORUS.

Oh no the devil a bit with jolly Jack of Dover,
 None of your infernal French shall evermore com-
 over.

I brought over a Priest, and he was not worth a farthing,
 He offer'd for his passage for all my sins a pardon ;
 I curs'd his lubber lazy limbs, and trundled him a shore, Sir,
 Split my timbers if ever I'll be done so any more, Sir.

Oh no the devil a bit, &c.

I brought o'er Lady, a person of distinguish'd note,
 She offer'd for her passage, a corner of her passage boat ;
 But, says I, it won't do m'am, perhaps your boat is leaky,
 Or perhaps your a French fire-ship, so sink me if I speak ye.

Oh no. &c.

I brought

I brought o'er a Barber who offer'd me a tweezer-cafe,
 A pot of paint and curling tongs to decorate my homely face ;
 Smash your spirit-sail, says I then, my face wants no careering,
 But you want to go passage free, I understand your meaning.

Oh no, &c.

I brought o'er a Captain, who pleaded his great poverty,
 Says I, you're a coward, or you would not from your country fly ;
 And so my limbs I'll make you pay as sure as you're alive now,
 Or down you go to Davy Jones, and learn of him to dive now.

Oh no, &c.

I brought o'er a Milliner, she said her name was Nancy,
 And she had got some fringes which would amuse my fancy,
 But, says I, back avaist there, my dear, I'm not so eager,
 Nor quite so tir'd of English meat, for your soup meagre.

Oh no, &c.

I brought o'er a Swindler, a coward renegado,
 Who fled because he fear'd to get a German Bestingado ;
 He thinking for to cheat me, jump'd over board and swam a shore,
 But for forgot to take along with him a box of shining Louis d'or.

Ah, hah ! the devil a bit with jolly Jack of Dover,
 Shall the rascal ever see the gold that he brought over.

So now here's a health to Old England and her
Tars, Sir,
May Heaven keep us safe from all civil broils and
jars, Sir,
I'll never fall a stern when my country's in distress,
Sir,
Nor land another Frenchman, my country to op-
press, Sir.

Oh no the devil a bit with jolly Jack of Dover,
None of your infernal French shall evermore come
over.

COMUS, MOMUS, AND BACCHUS.

BY MR. WHITE.

Tune,—*As Wit, Joke, and Humour, &c.*

AS Thomas, and Harry, and Richard and Jack,
O'er a bottle were fitting quite gay,
The lock of the door, it went suddenly back,
Which fill'd them at first with dismay.

Three men enter'd, all strangers supposed,
But good-humour and mirth ;
Yet plain was the matter disclos'd,
That gods they were just come to earth.

The first like a Bacchus appeared to view,
So jolly, so blooming, and fine,
He said, (and I readily thought he said true)
That he was the god of the vine.

The next he approach'd with facetrical grin,
While merriment laugh'd in his face ;
He said, he was Momus, and car'd not a pin
For Jove, he dar'd laugh in his face.

The

The third held a cup, and a wand in each hand,
 And the title of Comus he claim'd ;
 No one who drank with him could ever long stand,
 As he for deep drinking was fam'd.

The first was the landlord, for Bacchus who past,
 The next was a Jester well known ;
 And drunken Tom Toper was found in the last,
 Who visits each tavern in town.

GLEES, CATCHES, AND DUETS,

FOR FOUR VOICES.

Tune—*If Life is a Bubble, &c.*

COME, drink, my friend Harry, and drive away
 care ;
 Come, drink, my friend Tom, or you'll not have
 your share ;
 Come, Dick, prith'ee circle the bumper about ;
 Come, landlord, another, this bottle is out.

WHEN Arthur first in court began
 To wear long hanging sleeves,
 He entertain'd three serving men,
 And all of them were thieves.

The first he was an Irishman,
 The second was a Scot,
 The third he was a Welchman,
 And all were knaves, I wot.

The Irishman lov'd Usquebaugh,
 The scot lov'd ale, call'd blue cap ;
 The Welchman he lov'd toasted cheese,
 And made his mouth like a mouse-trap.

Usquebaugh burnt the Irishman,
 The Scot was drown'd in ale ;
 The Welchman had like to have been choak'd
 with a mouse,
 But he pull'd her out by the tail.

CATCH.

BUZ, QUOTH THE BLUE-FLY.

LURK o'er the green-sword ;
 Mum let us be ;
 Lurk, and mum's the word
 For you and me ;
 Through the brake, through the wood, prowl,
 prowl, around ;
 We watch the footstep, with ears to the ground.
 Ears to the ground.

DUET.

OLD WORDS.

OH thou wert sent to charm me,
 My little flutt'ring dove !
 With Cupid's fire I'll warm thee,
 Sweet cherub of the grove !
 Lord how my soul is throbbing,
 My little flutt'ring dove !
 My tender heart is bobbing,
 Sweet cherub of the grove.

GLEE.

GLEE.

WHICH is the properst day to drink—
 Saturday, Sunday, Monday ;
 Each is the properst day I think,
 Why should I name but one day ?
 Tell me but your's, I'll mention my day,
 Let us but fix on some day :
 Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
 Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

THE COMICAL FELLOW—A GLEE.

BY W. K.

Tune—*With my Pipe in one Hand, &c.*

With my dog on one side, and my cat on the other,
 I whimsically pass time away ;
 With Pathagoras I think—for I think with no other,
 My dog and cat had their day :
 Their day, here as mortals, with two legs below,
 For so he does certainly tell, O !
 The same metamorphoses I may undergo,
 Don't you think I'm a comical fellow ?

A faithful companion, my dog once may be, Sir.
 May cat a grave limb of the law ;
 Who grip'd his poor client with fee, after fee, Sir,
 As he does now a mouse with his paw :
 Thus I pass with reflection, my moments at night,
 And get sleepy, still as I get mellow ;
 My cur, and my tabby, my chiefeſt delight,
 Don't you think I'm a comical fellow.

DUET.

DUET.

O HEAR me kind and gentle swain,
 Let love's sweet voice delight you ;
 The ear of youth should drink each strain,
 When beauty's lips invite you.

As love and valor warm your heart,
 And faith and honor guard you ;
 From wounded breasts extract the dart,
 And beauty will reward you.

Our tear-strain'd eyes their wish disclose,
 Can cruel you refuse 'em ?
 O wipe the dew from off the rose,
 And place it in your bosom.

BILLY THE BEAU,

Sung by Mr. MUNDEN.

LOOK'YE ma'am I'm quite a blade,
 Struttledom high struttledom ho !
 And well vers'd in am'rous trade,
 Ripity tipity ho !
 Each one owns my sov'reign sway,
 First at opera, ball, or play,
 Ever airy ever gay,
 Now don't you think I'm a Beau.

Each night I trip it into Brooke's,
 Caperum hi caperum ho !
 There I pigeon all the rooks,
 Slipping a-faite pam ho !
 I can stare in a Lord's face,
 While I nick him with a grace,
 Thus I'm li in every place,
 Now don't you think I'm a Beau.

As

As for music I've an ear,
 Cadence me hi crotchet me low,
Go to the Abbey ev'ry year,
 Quavering—quaver me ho !
 Am dev'lish good too at a puff,
 Votes and int'rests I've enough,
 Always follow blue and buff,
 They're all fond of Billy the Beau.

THAT'S YOUR SORT !

Sung by Mr. FAWCETT.

LOUNGER may skip thro' the lobby,
 Citizens walk the Exchange,
 But I mounted on my grey hobby,
 Down Rotton-row, love sir to range:
 I'm up to every thing knowing,
 And to gambling clubs resort,
 Where my slight of hand tricks I'm showing,
 They cry ' Damme, now an't he the Sort !'

Newmarket is nothing without me,
 'Tis there, sir, I bet fix to four ;
 Take the knowing ones in cool and easy,
 And what can a blade wish for more :
 At a dice-box too, always am ready,
 For indeed I am fond of the sport ;
 I throw with an arm that is steady,
 And always was reckoned the Sort.

My daddy, tho' but a flop-seller,
 Was always as queer, sir, as old ;
 He was but a rum kind of fellow,
 And dying he left me his gold :
 To be tasty was always my rig, sir,
 Depending on none for support,
 I soon mounted up in my gig,
 And damme now, wasn't I the Sort.

Liv'd in style, kept a phæton and pair, sir,
 A snug pretty house near the park ;
 Kept my lady—made the City Don stare,
 I was grown such a tasty young spark :
 And while I have bit I will spend it,
 To every pleasure resort,
 And damme, as I live I will end it,
 And die, sir, true game—That's your Sort.

TIPPY BOB.

Sung by Mr. MUNDEN.

MY name's Tippy Bob,
 With a watch in each fob,
 View me round—on each side and the top ;
 I'm sure I'm the thing !
 Nay, I wish I may swing,
 If I an't now a nice natty crop !
 I'm up to each rig,
 Of my hat smoke the gig !
 Like candles my locks dangle down
 And look in my rear,
 As an ostrich I'm bare,
 But the knowingest smart of the town !

As I walk thro' the lobby,
 The girls cry out "Bobby !"
 "Here, Bobby !—My Bibbidy Bob!"
 Now squeaking ! now bawling !
 Then pulling and hawling !
 So smirking and pleasing !
 So coaxing and teasing !
 I can't get them out of my knob !

Observe

Observe well my shape,
 And the fall of my cape,
 It's the thing ! It's the thing ! dam'me ! a'nt it ?
 And this bow round my neck,
 Would at least hold a peck !
 It may catch some old Dutches ! too ! may'nt it ?
 Then under this collar,
 I've got a large roller,
 'Tis just like a huge German sausafe ;
 And squeez'd up so tight,
 That, by this good light,
 It goes nearly to stop up the passage !

As I walk thro' the lobby, &c.

My vest a foot long,
 Nine capes in a throng,
 My breeches—my small clothes—I mean,
 From my chest to my calf—
 Damn the mob ! let them laugh,
 I dress not by them to be seen ;
 The strings at my knees,
 Like chevaux-de-frize,
 My boots to the small of my leg !
 My spurs the nonsuch !
 No crop can me touch,
 For I swear I'm at home to a peg !

As I walk thro' the lobby, &c.

GUARDIAN LINK-BOYS.

BY MR. W. K.

Tune—*Guardian Angels.*

GUARDIAN Link-boys, pray attend me,
 In the dusk give me a light :
 I will pay, if you'll befriend me
 From the scamps and pads by night ;

Steer

Steer me to some tavern, steer me,
 There I shall get rid of fear ;
 'Tis for a bowl I grieve,
 Which soon I shall receive,
 For there my landlord is sincere.

Thro' the garden-rounds I've wander'd,
 And the watch have put to flight,
 There my daddy's chink I squander'd,
 Bucks and bloods were my delight ;
 Each round I went without fear :
 O ! how I then did rant and roar ;
 Each one did share it,
 Never did I spare it,
 Bloods, or bullies, pimp, or whore.

Do not then, boys, forsake me,
 But attend with cheering light ;
 I will pay :—you'll not mistake me,
 When I get to my delight,
 Some snug room shall then contain me,
 When I have no need of you ;
 Then I will ring the bell,
 And I will loudly tell,
 That each joy I will pursue.



MEDLEY GLEE.

TOM the fiddler plays a tune,
 Few I think is like it ;
 'Tis to kiss, and toy, and sing,
 Long live our noble King ;
 All I think must like it.
 Tom the fiddler, &c.

THE

The Seven following Songs were sung this
Season at Bermondsey Spa—1792.

ADDRESS ON OPENING THE SPA.

Sung by Mr. MILWARD.

THE Spring now returning, each bird's on the wing,
All nature looks charming and gay ;
To join her we mean, here to laugh and to sing,
And chearfully pass time away :
To the *Spa* we invite you once more to appear,
Come all with good-humour and hail the blyth year.

We boast not of grandeur, *Domes* lofty and wide,
Where spendor and fashion are found ;
But here simple nature is dress'd without pride,
And yet with true pleasure are crown'd :
To the *Spa*, &c.

If mirth and good-humour have charms for the mind,
If Music can give you delight ;
We promise you these and you'll certainly find,
With decency here ev'ry night :
To the *Spa*, &c,

THE CLEVER YOUNG LAD

Sung by Mrs. FREEMAN.

ONE morn as I trip'd it beside the green hill,
I met with young Jockey, a swain of good-will ;
He kiss'd me—he press'd me,
And kindly caress'd me ;
At this I must own, I was wonderful glad,
For Jockey indeed is a Clever Young Lad.

F

I never

I never before, here I vow and protest,
 Such a strange palpitation I found in my breast ;
 When he kiss'd me—and press'd me,
 And kindly caress me,
 I thought for the present, I should have gone mad,
 For Jockey indeed is a Clever Young Lad.

Yet Prudence, who should be a guide to the fair,
 Admonish'd me still of all men to take care ;
 Then they kiss'd me—and press'd me,
 And kindly caress'd me ;
 For fear in the end, I might charge good for bai.
 Yet Jockey, I own, is a Clever Young Lad,

He promis'd to kirk, that with me he would go,
 I simper'd—look'd down—but I did not say no ;
 Then he kiss me—and press'd me,
 And kindly caress'd me ;
 I went with him then with a heart that was glad,
 And now am quite happy, I own, with my Lad.

CHARMING SUE.

Sung by Mr. BURTON.

WHEN duty call'd I failed away,
 Still to my King and country true,
 And nothing did my heart dismay,
 But parting from my Charming Sue :
 With grief her tender heart was press'd,
 And scarcely could I bid adieu,
 Her sorrows filled my constant breast,
 For dear I love my Charming Sue.

I kiss'd

I kiss'd away the falling tear,
 And vow'd I ever would be true,
 Then bid her hope and banish fear,
 To pacify my Charming Sue :
 She sigh'd and wept, and sigh'd again,
 But I was forc'd to bid adieu ;
 Yet while I sail'd upon the main,
 I thought upon my Charming Sue.

The whistling winds began to blow,
 And dreadful rocks appear'd in view ;
 Now up aloft, now down below,
 Yet still I thought on Charming Sue :
 For three long years upon the main,
 Each toil and danger I went through ;
 At length quite tight, returned again,
 I came and found my Charming Sue.

Constant my lovely girl I found,
 To me she faithful was and true,
 And having failed the world around,
 I'm safe in port with Charming Sue :
 Well rigg'd, to church we trip'd away,
 Surrounded by the jovial crew ;
 I am bound to bless the day,
 I saw my lovely Carming Sue.

RAT-A-TAT.

Sung by Mrs. FREEMAN.

AS blyth as the May,
 I sport through the day,
 Each pleasure I wish to come at ;
 Am always at ease,
 I go where I please,
 And visit with—Rat-a-tat, tat.

I will never through life,
 Attend unto strife,
 To wrangle, to scold, and all that :
 Yet with frolic and fun,
 I will readily run,
 And visit with—Rat-a-tat, tat.

To the ball—to the route,
 Here and there—in and out,
 My spirits shall never be flat ;
 As fancy aspires,
 New wishes desires,
 I'll visit with—Rat-a-tat, tat.

While life's in it's spring,
 And time's on the wing,
 Each transport I'll try to come at ;
 To the Op'ra or play,
 I'll Whisk it away,
 And visit with—Rat-a-tat, tat,

TO-MORROW I'LL TELL YOU MY MIND.

Sung by Mr. MILWARD.

BY the Cot in the Dale as I pass'd t'other day,
 A wandering young lambkin to find,
 My sweet pretty Patty I met by the way,
 Whose charms were impreis'd on my mind ;
 I gaz'd, and she blushed, I knelt, and I pray'd,
 In hopes that the fair wou'd be kind,
 But all the reply I cou'd get from the maid,
 Was To-morrow I'll tell you my mind.

I press'd

I pres'd her soft hand, with a tender salute,
 She gently rebuk'd with a smile,
 My honor I told her she need not dispute,
 I lov'd her too well to beguile :
 And Hymen was ready his sanction to bring,
 If she to my wishes inclin'd ;
 Be secret, she said, go purchase the ring,
 And To-morrow I'll tell you my mind.

CELADON,

Sung by Mrs. PIELE.

THO' his Passion in silence the youth would conceal,
 What his Tongue dare not utter his Eyes still reveal ;
 And by soft stolen glances unwillingly prove,
 That they are the tell-tales of Celadon's love.

In the Green to the Grove, to the Dance to the Fair,
 Wherever I go the dear Shepherd is there ;
 I know the fond Youth by his blush, by his smile,
 And surely such looks were not made to beguile.

Tho' indiff'rent the subjects, whatever it prove,
 He insensibly turns to discourse upon love ;
 If he talks to another, with pleasure I see,
 'Tho' his words are to her, yet his looks are on me.

Sung by Mr. MILWARD.

WHAT D' YE SAY.

THERE was a Maiden in our town,
 With Eyes as black as floes ;
 Her hair it was a chesnut brown,
 Her cheeks like any rose ;

But then I wist,
 She'd not be kiss'd,
To struggle was her way ;
 And then she'd cry,
 Begone, stand by,
 Odd rabbit it,—What d'ye say ?

There was a Shepherd in the place,
 And Roger was his name ;
Resolved to win her in any case,
 So her a wooing came ;
 He snatch'd a kiss,
 She frown'd at this,
 And push'd him soon away ;
 With pray get out,
 You faucy lout,
 Odd rabbit it,—What d'ye say ?

But Roger did not care a pin,
 So laugh'd at what she said ;
 And boldly smack'd her lips again,
 For he was not afraid ;
 He hugg'd her tight,
 With all his might,
 She could not get away :
 Tho' still she tri'd,
 And frown'd and cri'd—
 Odd rabbit it—What d'ye say ?

The stoutest foe must sometimes yield,
 And so it happen'd now ;
For Roger fairly won the field,
 You surely n't gues's how :
 They're wed I wist,
 And now she's kiss'd,
 By Roger night and day ;
 But words arise,
 Then Roger crys—
 Odd rabbit it—What d'ye say ?

NUMBER ONE.

An new comic Song, introduced by Mr. MUNDEN,

In the Pantomime of OSCAR and MALVINA.

DAD and the foes are a fighting,
So I thought it much the best way,
While they were engaging—each other enraging,
No longer in danger to stay.

Slap dash here and there—'twould make a man stare,
I own I'm not fond, firs, of any such fun,
For of all the nine figures, I love number One.

Their looks, firs, would make a man tremble,
And then they've such cursed long steels ;
'Tis this way and that way,—the broad and the
flat way,

But I show'd them a light pair of heels.
Such cursed toot-toeing will prove a man's ruin,
And egad I'm not fond, fir, of any such fun,
For of all the nine figures, I love number One.

Some will call me a coward for running,
But I think it denotes a wise head ;
But then madam honor, oh ! oh, fie upon her,
What's honor to me when I'm dead.

I don't wish to die,—no, indeed fir, not I—
And sooner than fight, like a hare I would run,
For of all the nine figures, I love number One.

At a country feast I can joke, fir,
In a song or a catch, bear a hob ;
But I ne'er did delight in, that amusement called
fighting,
For a sword, firs, may cut off my nob :
Or suppose but an ear, fir, a man will look queer, fir,
So

So egad in such danger I never will run,
For of all the nine figures, I love number One.

Its a terrible thing to be fearful,
Brave men at a coward will scoff,
Hark what a toot-tooing, the foe are pursuing,
They're coming, so damme I'm off.
From their rage I'll retire, a burnt child dreads the
fire,
So egad I'll not stay to partake of the fun,
For of all the nine figures, I love number One.

THE SHOE-MAKER,

A new Song, sung by Mr. Fawcet, at the Beef-steak Club
Tune,---The Lamplighter.

I'M sprightly Dick the shoe-maker,
And call'd a brisk young blade ;
And every belle they use my shop,
Because I'm a dab at my trade ;
I take my measure so exact,
It cannot fail but do,
The Duchess's favor I have smack'd,
By making her little shoe.

Five inch and a half, a minikin size,
A little foot sir, sure ;
And many a one more nice than wise,
Think that their feet measures no more.
So long as I've trade sir, what care I,
Let fashion be old or new,
Since I in the public esteem have rose,
By making the Duchess's shoe.

O zounds

O zounds ! how I laugh'd to hear a fat cook,
 Declare sirs, o'er and o'er,
 That her foot was ev'ry bit as small,
 Tho' full twelve inches or more :
 But so long as I've trade, what care I,
 Let fashion be old or new,
 Since the public favor I have gain'd,
 By making the Duchefs's shoe.

CUPID's BOW.

*Sung by Mrs. Mountain, in the Opera of Orpheus
 and Eurydice.*

BEWARE, beware, ye nymphs and swains,
 That trip Elysium's blooming plains
 My power I mean to show,
 My arrow fix'd within your heart,
 Soon, soon you'll own the pleasing smart
 Of Cupid and his Bow.

Yon blushing maid and amorous youth,
 Who whispers vows of love and truth,
 She strives to answer no !
 But soon that striving will be vain,
 She soon shall bless the captive swain,
 When Cupid bends his Bow.

The son of beauty's sprightly queen,
 Comes tripping o'er the flow'ry green,
 To flinty heart a foe :
 Ye nymphs and swains who own my sway,
 With joy shall b'ess the happy day,
 That Cupid bent his Bow.

BEN

BEN MIZEN.

Sung by Mr. Dignum, at the Anacreontic Society.

BEN Mizen was a British tar,
 True hearted both in peace and war,
 From danger he'd ne'er flinch ;
 His courage true, he oft did show,
 When facing of the haughty foe,
 A seaman every inch.

His heart with sympathy replete,
 If an old ship-mate he did meet,
 He would not from him flinch ;
 But quick obey'd humanity's call,
 And shared with him his little all,
 A seaman every inch.

Returning from a tedious cruize,
 His lovely Nan he quick pursues,
 But he pursu'd in vain ;
 With scorn she did his vows reprove,
 And laugh'd when e'er he talk'd of love,
 She lov'd another swain.

His feelings could not bear the stroke,
 The timbers of his heart was broke,
 And ev'ry anguish mov'd :
 Then how shall I the sad tale tell,
 Poor Ben a ling'ring victim fell,
 And died for her he lov'd.



THE

THE GIRL OF MY HEART.

Sung at Vauxhall.

IN the world's crooked path where I've been,
 There to share of life's gloom my poor part,
 The sunshine that so ten'd the scene,
 Was a smile from the girl of my heart.

Not a swain, when the lark quits her nest,
 But to labour with glee will depart ;
 If at eve he expects to be blest
 With a smile from the girl of his heart.

Come then crosses and cares as they may,
 Let my mind still this maxim impart ;
 That the comfort of man's fleeting day,
 Is a smile from the girl of his heart.



TAKE CARE OF YOUR HEAD.

Sung by Mrs. Harlowe, at SADLER'S-WELLS.

IN THE DOUBLE MISTAKE.

DEAR sir, be advised by a friend,
 Nor take a young wife to your bed :
 For if still you persist in your choice,
 Old Don have a care of your head.

Brisk youth may at all times attempt,
 Tho' oft they repent being wed ;
 Their hearts, sir, too often do ach,
 But I'd have you take care of your head.

THE

CA IRA!

A favorite National Chanson, sung in the Entertainment

Of LE CHAMP DE MARS, at SADLER'S WELLS.

AH ! ca ira !

Citizens of Paris are of joy brimful, sir,
Ah ! ca ira !

Zounds ! 'twill do, cries bluff John Bull.
Firm federation unites the Gallic nation,
'Tis Aristocratics have reason to be dull.

Ah ! ca ira !

Citizens of Paris are no longer the same, sir.
Ah ! ca ira !

Superstition flies before the new-born flame ;
Slavery shall tie now no man's tongue ;
Liberty shall bid her children prattle,
No more pleased with a gilded rattle ;
While thus free is the Frenchman's song.

Chorus.—Ah ! ca ira ! &c.

Ah ! ca ira !

Citizens of France see a glorious day, sir,
Ah ! ca ira !

Liberty to peace and pleasure points the way.
Firm federation unites the Gallic nation :
Long may her citizens the civic wreath display.

Ah ! ca ira !

Citizens of Paris shall in hist'ry shine, sir,
Ah ! ca ira !

While brethren with one another thus combine ;
Happy in the smiles of a patriot king ;
Happy in the prospect now before us ;
Freedom waves all her banners o'er us,
While thus joyfully Frenchmen sing,

Ah ! ca ira ! &c.

Ah !

Ah ! ca ira !

Citizens of France are as Englishmen, free, Sir,
Ah ! ca ira !

Ever let them be together BONS AMIS.

While firm federation unites the Gallic nation,
With all sons of Liberty shall each of us agree

Ah ! ca ira !

Citizens of France are much in the right, Sir,

Ah ! ca ira !

Gallic wine and British spirit thus unite ;

Clearfully we now shall rear the vine,

Merrily enjoy the fruits of labour,

Dancing blythe to the pipe and tabor,

While John Bull in the song shall join,

Ah ! ca ira !

SUPERIORITY OF LOVE.

IF a lover is told he is false to his fair,

For the sake of a bottle, the truth I'll declare ;

He quits a fair virgin to stick to his glass,

Must, by all men of reason, be stiled an ass.

If virtue and beauty united be good,

'Tis certain it must be by all understood,

The delights of a bumper are not to compare

To the excellent charms of the good and the fair.

To dimples and smiles with delight we attend ;

If a frown, 'tis for faults which with pleasure we mend ;

Ye drinkers declare, if the truth ye will own,

Smiles of liquor may please, but they end in a frown.

Though beauty we see in the lily and rose,

The charms of dear Chloe are sweeter than those ;

Though by time they are conquer'd remembrance remains ;

To live happy in age is reward for their pains.

With the bottle, or love, whoe'er is employ'd,
 Oft finds and insipid, t'other is employed ;
 Though ever in drinking his hours are spent,
 He ever is craving, yet never content.
 What friendship in love is by history proved !
 Which nothing but death ever remov'd !
 In drinking, what murders and mischiefs ensue !
 Which, by daily experience, is known to be true !

No strife, or disturbance, arises from love ;
 We are told 'tis an emblem of what is above ;
 In infancy, innocence, virtues employ'd,
 Which in use of the big-belly'd bottle's deny'd.
 In the pleasure of love we with joy pass our days,
 It soothes all our cares, our pain it allays ;
 In drinking, the pleasure of life is destroy'd,
 One leg's in the grave before half is enjoy'd.

What delight's in a fair, ever true to her word,
 Who to forfeit that name would not join with a lord ;
 In distresses a friend, an adviser in grief :
 Who, to fly to a bottle, would find that relief ?
 Such comforts in love throughout life I can spy ;
 Who'd not leave a bottle a fair one to try ?
 Each circumstance weigh'd, it is easy to prove,
 True happiness only is center'd in love.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY:

(Inserted by particular desire.)

OF all the girls that are so smart,
 There's none like pretty Sally ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 She lives in our alley.

There

There is no lady in the land,
 Is half so sweet as Sally ;
 She is the darling of my heart ;
 And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
 And through the streets does cry 'em ;
 Her mother she sells laces long,
 To such as please to buy 'em :
 But sure such folks could ne'er beget
 So sweet a girl as Sally !
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our Alley.

- When she is by, I leave my work,
 ' I love her so sincerely ;
- My master comes like any Turk,
 ' And bangs me most severely :
- But let him bang his belly full,
 ' I'll bear it all for Sally :
- She is the darling of my heart,
 ' And she lives in our Alley.

Of all the days that's in the week,
 I dearly love but one day ;
 And that's the day that comes betwixt
 A Saturday and Monday :
 For then I'm dreft in all my best,
 To walk abroad with Sally ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our Alley.

- My master carries me to the church,
 ' And often am I blamed,
- Because I leave him in the lurch,
 ' As soon as text is named ;

G 2

‘ I have

‘ I leave the church in sermon time,
 ‘ And slink away to Sally ;
 ‘ She is the darling of my heart,
 ‘ And she lives in our Alley.

‘ When Christmas comes about again,
 ‘ O then I shall have money ;
 ‘ I’ll hoard it up, and box and all,
 ‘ I’ll give it to my honey :
 ‘ And wou’d it were ten thousand pounds,
 ‘ I’d give it all to Sally :
 ‘ She is the darling of my heart,
 ‘ And she lives in our Alley.

My master, and the neighbours all,
 Make game of me and Sally ;
 And, but for her, I’d better be
 A slave, and row a gally ;
 But when my sev’n long years are out,
 Oh then I’ll marry Sally ;
 Oh then we’ll wed, and then we’ll bed,
 But not in our Alley.

The above Song was sung by DIONUS, at the Anacreontic Society, and the King’s Theatre, Haymarket, in the Farce called the Dupe of Fancy --- The Verses distinguished by inverted Commas, were omitted.

MATCHLESS AS HER CHARMS.

SUNG AT THE AMPOLLO GARDENS.

LOVE was once a harmless child ;
 Sweet caresses charm’d his heart :
 Now by wealth and pow’r beguil’d,
 And his artless joys depart.

I have

I have lov'd with purest truth ;
 But I vainly sought his aid ;
 He smiles but on the wealthy youth ;
 He only hears the splendid maid.

Oh happy days when Love was kind,
 Then Heav'n had giv'n her to my arms ;
 And gold had ne'er defil'd a mind,
 By nature Matchless as her Charms.

S O N G S, &c.

IN THE
PRISONER :
 AS PERFORMED AT THE
 KING's THEATRE, HAY-MARKET.

Air—Mr. Dignum.

WHENE'ER she bade me, cease to plead,
 Her breast would gently heave,
 And prov'd her lip beguil'd a heart
 Ill-practis'd to deceive.
 As swelling waves that seem inclin'd,
 To greet the shores they leave behind.

G 3

Air.

Air.—Mr. SEDGWICK.

WHERE the banners of glory are streaming,
 Her image still lingers above ;
 And her eyes seem all terribly gleaming,
 Which glow'd but with transports of love.

Deeds of arms my soul inspire
 As the batt'ling thunders roll,
 She and fame my bosom fire,
 And to conquest light my soul :
 And mid slaughter madly wounding,
 Heroes dying, groans resonnding,
 Armour clashing,
 Lightening flashing,
 Angel pinion'd o'er her lover,
 With protecting wing she'll hover ;
 Valour's genius—memory's pleasure,
 Guardian of life's sacred treasure.

What can check the soldier's course,
 Who, where war delights to rove,
 Strikes with more than mortal force,
 Urg'd by fame, impell'd by love.

Air.—Mrs. BLAND.

HOW charming a camp, where soldiers late and
 early,
 With hair so tightly trimm'd up and powder'd so
 fine,
 March, shoulder, present ! while the serjeant so surly
 Drills the young recruits in the rear of the line.
 To a dub-a-dub—while so merry
 Beats the drummer—dub-a-dub.

Tho' bluff they look and fierce, that no lions sure
are bolder,
Yet the dandies don't fear 'em—nay one as I live
Came and asked me to give her my heart—but I
told her,
Says I that's bespoke, and I've nothing else to
give.
But a dub-a-dub—ever merry,
Beats the drummer—dub-a-dub.

Air.—Mrs. Crouch.

POOR Carlos sued a beauteous maid,
On her his happiness staking ;
She frown'd upon his love—he figh'd
“Ah me ! my heart is breaking.”

She took a swain of large domains,
His humble love forfaking ;
He thought her happy, and he smil'd,
Although his heart was breaking.

On wealth alone few joys attend,
She found with anguish aching ;
He funk, and gave her such a look,
Just as his heart was breaking.

Air.—Master Walsh.

TEARS that exhale from the springs of good-
nature,
Fall like the dew upon sympathy's breast ;
Wishes rev'ring bloom with fresh beauty,
And in gay colours are gaudily dreft.

Yet

Yet when I think on the danger that threatens,
 Fear blights my bosom with doubt and dismay,
 Fond expectation all cheerless and languid,
 Droops, drops its blossom, and withers away !

*Air.—Trio—Theresa, Juliana, Narciso,—Miss De
Camp, Mis Menage, Master Walsh.*

The. And will you sooth my anguish ? [to *Jul.*]
Jul. Oh ! think us ever true :
The. And will you brave the danger ? [to *Nar.*]
Nar. I fear not but for you !

The. Mercy's an angel's virtue :
Nar. It shines so bright in you ;
The. Ah ! sooth my bosom's anguish ;
Jul. Be happy as we're true !

Air.—Mr. Crouch.

COME from horror's dreary cell,
 Where jealousy delights to dwell —
 Come, fell revenge that never sleeps, —
 Revenge her fang in mortal poison steeps,
 And madly laughs and weeps,
 And smile's at rival's pangs, and acts the deeds
 of hell.
 Come, thou that art above controul,
 Rouse my vast purpose — fill my madden'd soul !

Air.

Air.—Mr. KELLY.

DESPAIR around my head
 It's horror flings,
 My wish to live
 No longer clings,
 All hope is fled,
 And in its stead,
 Misery flaps it's raven wings.

Air.—Mr. KELLY.

GODDESS of liberty my soul inspire,
 Light up the glowing flame
 At virtue's sacred fire.
 Genius of domestic joy—cherub of fame,
 Love the while,
 With many a dimpled smile,
 My eager hope shall raise,
 And with his busy talk augment the blaze.
 Proclaiming thro' valley, o'er hill, and thro'
 grove,
 The grave of war is the cradle of love.



SIN--

SINCERITY.

I TOLD my nymph, I told her true,
 My fields were small, my flocks were few,
 While fault'ring accents spoke my fear,
 That Flavia might not prove sincere.

Of crops destroy'd by vernal cold,
 And vagrant sheep that left my fold ;
 Of these she heard, yet bore to hear ;
 And is not Flavia then sincere ?

How chang'd by fortune's fickle wind,
 The friends I lov'd become unkind,
 She heard, and shed a gen'rous tear ;
 And is not Flavia then sincere ?

How, if she deign'd my love to bless,
 My Flavia must not hope for dress ;
 This too she heard, and smil'd to hear ;
 And Flavia sure must be sincere.

Go shear your flocks, ye jovial swains,
 Go reap the plenty of your plains ;
 Despoil'd of all that you revere,
 I know my Flavia's love's sincere.

HENRY AND LUCY.

DARK was the night, and cold the wind,
 And loud the northern gale,
 And deep was Wansbeck's roaring tide
 That thunder'd down the Vale.

" Adieu,

“ Adieu, my love,” kind Henry says,
 “ Keen drives the blustering rain,
 “ And Wanlbeck’s swelling current sweeps
 “ Along the verdant plain.

“ This is the last, yes, the last time,
 “ I’ll bid my love adieu ;
 “ To-morrow’s sun shall join our hands,
 “ If Lucy prove but true.”

“ O Henry, why that killing word ?
 “ Why drops the glistening tear ?
 “ Hast thou a thought thy Lucy will
 “ To thee not prove sincere ?

“ What fleeting years have roll’d away,
 “ Since I receiv’d thy vow ;
 “ And when my troth I’ve plighted sure,
 “ Shall I be faithless now ?

“ A darker cloud o’er shades the world,
 “ The moon with holds her ray ;
 “ No glittering stars illume the sky,
 “ To point my darksome way.

“ Soon as the morning’s orient sun
 “ Shall tinge the clouds above ;
 “ With joy I’ll fly and seize thy hand,
 “ To church to lead my love.”

Dark was the night, and cold the wind,
 And loud the northern blast,
 When Henry from his Lucy came,
 And o’er the Wanlbeck paſt.

Before the morning’s glimmering beam
 Had ting’d the dusky sky ;
 He cheerful rose, himself array’d,
 And paced the plain with joy.

Dark was the morn, and keen the wind,
 And deep was Wansbeck's tide ;
 And Henry sunk beneath the waves,
 Nor reach'd the other side.

The morning came, when Lucy rose,
 And deck'd herself so gay ;
 Her bridal maidens gave her joy,
 On this her marriage-day.

The morning sun flung o'er the plain
 A warm and lucid beam ;
 No Henry came to greet his bride,
 Or crois'd the Wansbeck's stream.

Oft Lucy open'd the creaking door,
 And view'd the river's side ;
 Her cheeks grew pale when she beheld
 The fury of the tide.

The village train approach'd the door,
 Their tears their sorrow tell—
 Pale Lucy came—a shriek she gave,
 And down she sensible fell.

They laid the corpse of Henry, dead,
 At Lucy's opening door ;
 She saw the body of her love,
 She shriek'd !—and saw no more.

The village bell announc'd their fate,
 Her maids in white array,
 Saw in one grave the Lovers laid,
 On this their bridal day.



SONGS,

SONGS—*sung this Season, 1792,*

A T

V A U X H A L L.

LILLIES OF THE VALLEY.

BY MASTER SHEPHERD.

O'ER barren hills and flow'ry dales,
 O'er seas and distant shores,
 With merry-song and jocund tales
 I've past some pleasant hours ;
 Tho' wand'ring thus, I ne'er could find
 A girl like blithesome Sally,
 Who picks and culls, and cries aloud,
 Sweet lilles of the valley.

From whistl'ing over the harrow'd turf,
 From nestling of each tree,
 I chose a soldier's life to wed,
 So social, gay and free ;
 Yet, tho' the lasses love as well,
 And often try to rally,
 None pleases me like her who cries—
 Sweet lilles of the valley.

I'm now return'd, of late discharg'd,
 To use my native toil,
 From fighting of my country's foes,
 To plough my country's toil ;

H

I care

I care not who, with either please,
 So I possess my Sally,
 That little merry nymph, who cries—
 Sweet lillies of the valley.

FYE FOR SHAME.

BY MRS. ADDISON.

BEHOLD a damsel in distress,
 Above sixteen indeed 'tis true ;
 For ever snub'd by aunty Bess,
 A cross old maid of forty-two.
 To Strephon if I smile or speak,
 She cries, that spirit Miss I'd tame,
 And shou'd he kiss my hand or cheek,
 'Tis forward Hussy, fy for shame.

But yet I know 'twixt you and I,
 'Tis envy makes her rail,
 For yester ev'ning Parson Sly,
 Stept in to taste my father's ale ;
 Close up to Bess his chair he drew,
 First kiss'd her, then confess'd a flame ;
 She smil'd and blush'd, when in I flew,
 And cry'd, fy, aunty, fy for shame.

So let her rail no more at me,
 I think she now may hold her tongue,
 For womankind, I plainly see,
 Are all alike both old and young ;
 And shou'd young Strephon urge his suit,
 And the happy day I'd name,
 Believe me I wou'd not be mute,
 Tho' all the world cry'd fy for shame.

MOLLY

MOLLY OF THE MEAD.

BY MR DARLEY.

AS on yon village lawn I stray'd,
 One morning in the spring,
 Around the lambs all sportive play'd,
 The birds did blithsome sing.
 Upon a bank where willow grew,
 I tun'd my oaten reed,
 How much I am chang'd since first I knew,
 Sweet Molly of the Mead.

No shepherd was so blith as I,
 No youth was e'er so blest,
 In rapture sweet the time did fly,
 For love then warm'd my breast ;
 To please her was my sole employ,
 To her I tun'd my reed,
 And morn and eve my only joy,
 Was Molly of the Mead. Sweet, &c.

Soon as the sun resplendent rose,
 One morn I took my way,
 And eager sought some fragrant flow'r,
 To make her look more gay.
 Right well she saw my tender pain,
 And soon my fate decreed ;
 And now I live the happiest swain,
 With Molly of the Mead. Sweet, &c.

JOCKEY OF THE GREEN.

BY MISS LEARY.

N.A mair ye bonny lasses gay,
 Your blithsom sonnets now display,
 For Jem of Aberdeen ;
 But join your voices now with me,
 And as we gang along the Lee,
 Sing Jockey of the Green.

His locks like any sun beams play,
 When Phœbus gilds the firft of May,
 His face is ruddy feen ;
 And then he trips wi sic a grace,
 All other lads to him give place,
 Sweet Jockey of the Green.

At kirk he fays he'll take my hand,
 Who can his bonny fuit withstand ?
 He smiles fa sweet I ween :
 I vow my heart cannot deny,
 Wi his kind wish I shall comply,
 My Jockey of the Green.

SHE NEVER THINKS OF ME.

BY MR. CLIFFORD.

THE morning dew that wets the rose,
 Its blooming tints more lovely shews ;
 So my Mary's face appears,
 The pearly lustre of her tears ;
 When others woes she weeps to see,
 But ah ! she never thinks of me.

When

When round the youths in transports gaze,
 And love forbids the pow'r the praise,
 While she with artless mien beguiles,
 And sweetly wounds her fatal smiles ;
 Her triumph still I'm fond to see.
 Although she never thinks of me.

Then go fair hope—for ever go,
 Here will I nourish dearest woe :
 For Sorrow's self can sweets impart,
 Sweet every pang that rends the heart ;
 And sweet to die 'twill surely be
 For her who never thinks of me.

I'LL DIE FOR NO SHEPHERD—NOT I.

BY MISS MILNE.

WHEN first on the plain I began to appear,
 And the shepherds to ogle and sigh,
 They call'd me their dear, their delight and their joy,
 But I heed no such nonsense—not I.

Not all their fine words, their flatt'ry and love,
 Tho' they swore if I frown'd they shou'd die ;
 Cou'd bring me to like, to love or approve,
 For I heed no such nonsense—not I.

But now in my turn, I'm in love too I find,
 Tho' believe, I for grief should not die,
 Where Jemmy as false as the wav'ring wind,
 O ! I'll die for no shepherd—not I.

I think the lad likes me and he may prove true,
 And if so, I will love till I die ;
 But if he proves fickle, then I'll prove so too,
 O ! I'll die for no shepherd—not I.

THE VEIL.

BY MR. DARLEY.

AH Fashion! wherefore dost thou still,
 The female breast with anger fill,
 And teach such cruel arts ;
 'Tis thou that bid'st the fair conceal,
 Their glowing charms beneath the veil,
 To tantalize our hearts.

O ! banish the bonnet, or draw up the veil,
 And crown with simplicity each British fair,
 No longer their smiles and their dimples conceal,
 But let us behold them e'en just as they are.

Ah Fashion ; 'tis thy ruthless power,
 That 'midst the grove and in the bow'r,
 Oft damps extatic bliss ;
 For when the nectar we should sip,
 The cobweb flutters on the lip,
 And blunts the amorous kis.

O ! Banish the bonnet, &c.

O ! Fashion bid the curtain rise,
 That we may feast our longing eyes,
 With dimples and with smiles ;
 Then ev'ry youth shall blest thy fway,
 And to thy precepts homage pay,
 Dear goddess of our isles.

O ! Banish the bonnet, &c.

WE CONQUER, DEAR GIRLS, BUT FOR
YOU.

BY MR. CLIFFORD.

COME sailors be filling the can,
The wind is beginning to blow,
We've time to drink round to a man,
And then to weigh anchor must go.
What thousands repair to the strand,
To give us a chearing adieu !
'Tis plain they believe on the land,
We conquer, dear girls, but for you.

When on the main-top mast-yard,
The sailor is swung to and fro ;
Yet the tempest blow ever so hard,
He whistles defiance to woe.
The gale can but last for awhile,
Is always the boast of the crew ;
And then they reflect with a smile,
We conquer, dear girls, but for you.

Tho' battle tremendous appears,
When blood stains the face of the main ;
Tho' thunder resounds in his ears,
The sailor's a stranger to pain.
The thought with what rapture and pride,
Each girl will her hero review ;
'Tis this makes him danger deride,
We conquer, dear girls, but for you.

THE

THE WINTER OF AGE.

BY MR. DARLEY.

DEAR Clora, let's love while in soft wanton gales,
 Blithe zephyrs disport upon Tweed's limpid stream,
 Devoid of all guile to repeat our fond tales,
 For pleasing is converse when love is the theme.
 O ! think my fair maid, that in life's budding spring,
 In love 'tis the duty of all to engage ;
 That thence blooming summer may happiness bring,
 To comfort the cold hoary winter of age.

Pomona choice fruits may abundantly yield ;
 Gay Flora spread carpets of roses around ;
 O Ceres begin o'er the yellow dy'd field,
 Make Autumn's rich harvest diffusive abound ;
 But these nought avail if in life's budding spring,
 In tender affection we fail to engage ;
 That thence blooming summer may happiness bring,
 To comfort the cold hoary winter of age.

On Tweed's flow'ry margin where rosy fac'd health,
 Convenes ev'ry morning her sylvan levee ;
 I envy not pomp, nor the splendor of wealth,
 Content my dear Chloris, possessing but thee.
 Let love then my charmer, in life's budding spring,
 Our fondest regard to each other engage ;
 That like the kind ivy and oak we may cling,
 From youth to the cold hoary winter of age.

KATE

KATE OF COLEBROOK DALE.

BY MASTER SHEPHERD.

WHEN gentle love first fir'd my breast,
 I rov'd from fair to fair ;
 No shepherd swan was then so blest
 Or so unknown to care.
 O'er heath, o'er hill I travers'd wide
 And sought each verdant vale,
 Yet still the lass of all my pride,
 Was Kate of Colebrook Dale.

How happy sure were then my days,
 Such tranquil joys I knew ;
 Whene'er I went I spoke her praise,
 I found her just and true.
 For oft in yonder shady grove,
 I told my ardent tale ;
 And whisper'd themes of fondest love,
 To Kate of Colebrook Dale.

But ah ! how fleeting was my bliss,
 For I'd no wealth in store ;
 Her parents thought our love amiss,
 We part to meet no more.
 But hope shall clear my tortur'd mind,
 For what will tears avail.
 Tho' thou wert faithful, fair and kind,
 Dear Kate of Colebrook Dale.

THE

THE HAPPY SHEPHERDESS.

BY MRS. ADDISON.

WHEN summer smiling bids the hills
 With noontide fervors glow,
 I lead my flock beside the rills
 Which clears the vale below,
 Then elated with joy to the shade I repair,
 For I'm sure the dear youth that I love will be there.

And when soft music o'er the plains
 Proclaims the rural dance ;
 And blushing nymphs and ardent swains,
 In eager haste advance.
 Then elated with joy to the dance I repair,
 For I'm sure the dear youth that I love will be there.

Whene'er the cottagers appear
 Upon the village green,
 To celebrate the wake or fair,
 And hail the charming scene.
 Then elated with joy to the green I repair,
 For I'm sure the dear youth that I love will be there.

I'VE LOST MY HEART TO TEDDY,

BY MISS LEARY.

YOUNG Teddy is an Irish Lad,
 So blith, so tight, so merry,
 And when in scarlet beaver clad,
 The pride of Londonderry.
 Then Teddy shun the war for me,
 Ah, Norah, be but steady,
 But arrah now it cannot be,
 I've lost my heart to Teddy,
 O, I've lost my heart to Teddy.

When

When first we met 'twou'd make you laugh,
 We look'd so at each other,
 But Cupid play'd too sure by half,
 My heart was in a pother.
 Ted feiz'd my hand and stole a kiss,
 Indeed, said I, already,
 Then forc'd a frown, but 'twas amiss,
 I'd lost my heart to Teddy,
 O ! I'd lost my heart to Teddy.

Whene'er the creature meets me now,
 "Tis love, when shall we marry ?
 I'm half inclin'd to keep my vow,—
 And that is not to tarry :
 O ! 'tis so sweet to join the knot,
 And Hymen's always ready,
 A husband is—what is he not ?
 I've lost my heart to Teddy,
 O ! I've lost my heart to Teddy,

ROUNDELAY.

BY MRS. ADDISON.

LADIES ! would you know what magic
 Charms the heart of all mankind ?
 'Tis not bloom, nor form angelic,
 But the beauty of the mind.
 Graceful mien, and handsome feature,
 Powerful attractions are ;
 But choicest gifts of nature
 With this gift can ne'er compare. }
 Ladies ! &c.

Gaudy dress can ne'er avail you,
 Fine complexion will decay ;
 But this beauty ne'er will fail you,
 When all others die away.
 Ladies ! &c.

If

If already love's a duty,
 And in wedlock's bands you're join'd,
 Soon you'll see, without this beauty,
 Happiness you ne'er can find.
 Ladies !. &c.

SEE RUDDY AURORA.

BY MR. CLIFFORD.

SEE ruddy Aurora begins to appear,
 And chaces from hence the dull night,
 Take huntsmen are up and the hounds 'gin to chear,
 Ye gods what a glorious sight.

Yoicks,

Jowler and sweetlips, hark forward away !
 Tantarara we'll hail the sweet morn,
 To join in such pastimes no longer delay,
 But follow the sound of the horn.

The fox is unearth'd, and the chace is begun,
 Pursuing is each hound and steed,
 He doubles, and tries by his cunning to shun,
 His fate, and skims o'er the mead.
 There closely pursued; by the river he aims
 To escape to the other fide lawn,
 But alas ! he's o'erta'en, and the huntsman proclaims
 His death, by the sound of the horn.

Then while all your coxcombs and sweet-scented
 beaus,
 Who delight in the noise of the town,
 Hunt fashion and folly and such foolish shews,
 In pursuit of which oft they are thrown ;
 Like them where such stupid dull pastime abounds,
 So idly to waste time we scorn,
 But pursue rosy health, whilst with horses and hounds :
 We follow the sound of the horn.

SONGS,

SONGS, &c.
 IN THE COMIC OPERA OF
JUST in TIME ;
 AS PERFORMED AT COVENT-GARDEN.

CHORUS.

HERE, with Liberty blest, brightest gem of our Isle,
 United with plenty and health ;
 At the restless ambition of grandeur we smile ;
 Content without title or wealth.
 When the dawn first appears, and the lark tunes
 her lay,
 We rise to sweet scenes of delight ;
 Mirth pleasantly softens the toils of the day,
 And with pastime we welcome the night.

Air.—Mr. MUNDEN.

THE merry man,
 Who loves his can,
 Laughs and jokes,
 Chats and smokes,
 Nor dreams of noise and State.
 Enjoys the hour,
 That's in his pow'r,
 Tells a tale,
 Quaffs his ale,
 Nor fears the frowns of fate.

Air.—Mr. MUNDEN.

EXAMINE the world with attention, you'll find,
 'Tis interest that sways every class of mankind ;
 From the high to the low ;
 Is it not so ?
 Say, aye or no !

I

You

You doubt it—I'll give you a striking example,
Then judge of the others by this single sample,
And the truth you'll soon know.

Shall I do so ?

Say, aye or no !

Sage Physic and Law, don't we every day see,
Will advise and prescribe—but first pocket the fee—
With pleasure I trow ;
Is it not so ?
Your aye or no !

So in humbler degrees too my maxim will hold,
Where the main springs self-interest—the object is
gold :

This all of us know,

Is it not so ?

Say, aye or no !

Air.—Mr. JOHNSTONE.

WHEN the lads and the lasses are met on the green,
At sweet Ballinasloe, or the fair of Clogheen ;
With their cheeks red as roses, and eyes black as
floes,

See the girls frisk and foot it as merry as Does.

All the day,

Piper play,

Cries Goffoon,

T'other tune ;

While young Darby and Judy, are footing so tight,
The poor piper keeps puffing from morning till night.

Judy's bonnet of straw wears the token of love,
Which Paddy had bought her, his passion to prove ;
Fine ribbands and roses to deck out her hair,
And the neatest stuff gown to be had in the fair.

Sweet spoleen

On the green,

When they dine,

Whisky fine ;

The

The Piper still playing, the Priest he says grace,
And content, love, and jollity, file in each face.

Now the fair being done, home they jog side by side,
Every lad with the creature he means for his bride ;
The next morn father Fogarty call'd with his book,
Nine or ten jolly couples together to hook.

Coupling,
Buckling,
Piperizing,
Fiddling ;

Father Fogarty, Piper, and all join the route,
And the new-married couples fall jigging about.

Air.—Mrs. BLANCHARD.

THY freedom lost, no more sweet, bird,
In plaintive music rue ;
For, ah ! the wretch, who thee betray'd,
Ensnar'd thy mistress too !

Thus ambush'd in the wily brake,
The baneful serpent lies ;
And while the nymph its beauty views,
She feels the sting and dies.

*Air.—Trio—Melville, Stave, and O'Liffe—Messrs.
INCLEDON, MUNDEN, and JOHNSTONE.*

MELVILLE.

SINCE my fond heart, Augusta, 's thine,
O may thy virgin hand be mine ;
Love, grant me this request !

STAVE.

O fortune ! goddes, brown or fair,
Let Stave be free from worldly care,
He'll never mind the rest.

O'LIFFEY.

Safe from fatigue in yonder cot,
Be quietness O'Liffey's lot,
And he will then be blest.

TOGETHER.

Let not, ye powers who preside,
Love, ease, or fortune be denied,
And we shall all be blest.

Air.—Mr. Quick.

THE heroes stout, who dangers scorn,
May boast their arms and tented field ;
Let noisy Fame their brows adorn,
So I the plumed pen may wield :
Smooth inditing,
Flashy writing,
Give more pleasure sure than fighting.

In days of yore, fam'd Troy and Greece,
For Helen's charms contended long :
Yet all their feats had slept in peace,
But for old father Homer's song :
Smooth inditing,
Flashy writing,
Give more pleasure sure than fighting.

Air.—Miss Dall.

BEHOLD, deny'd their airy flight,
The tenants of the gaudy cage,
No more their warblings breathe delight,
Those notes are chang'd to strains of rage !
And should perchance in happy hour,
Some friendly hand leave ope' the door,
Eager they fly the bonds of pow'r,
And gladly part to meet no more.

Not

Not so the bird whose choice is free,
 In jocund spring he joins his mate;
 Gaily they range from tree to tree,
 Their little breasts with joy elate.—
 And if some ruder breeze should blow,
 Or chilling rain disturb their rest;
 Fondly they share each other's woe,
 As destin'd partners of one nest.

Air.—Mrs. Mr. MARTYR.

WHEN first you won my virgin heart,
 The time I well remember;
 'Twas in the frost on dreary heath,
 The fifteenth of December.

The moon was hid, the snow had froze,
 The wind blew hard and chilling;
 You shiv'ring cried, " Ah! here she comes;
 " 'Zooks, wou'd the maid were willing."

Love smil'd and as we sliding met,
 Resolv'd to see us humbled,
 Your arm encircled round my waist,
 I slipp'd and down we tumbled.

Whilst thus together we reclin'd,
 On winter's hoary pillow;
 You swore you glow'd with love so true,
 I ne'er should wear the willow.

Air.—Mr. FAWCETT.

WERE old Galen ta rise
 From Elysium below,
 Of modern complaints
 So little he'd know,
 That a naz'd at the change,
 He'd soon hurry back,
 And struck dumb with surprize,
 Nor believe his own eyes.

For Physic's exploded, so alter'd the trade is,
 And wou'd you but know how I please all the ladies,
 I prescribe a Court dress, a rout, or a ball,
 A play, or an opera. or, may be, all—
 First couple lead down, 'will do, I can tell,
 Cross o'er back again—now my lady is well.

Let fools their own nonsense
 Still solemnly broach ;
 While they trudge it on foot,
 I loll in my coach ;
 They may pore o'er old books,
 And incessantly toil ;
 Be their's the dull task,
 Mine—Fashion and Hoyle.
 For Physic's exploded, &c.

Air—Mr. WILSON.

WHEN on board our trim vessel we joyously sail'd,
 While the glass circled round with full glee,
 King and country to give, my old friend never fail'd
 And the toast was soon toss'd off by me.
 Billows might dash,
 Light'ning might flash,
 'Twas the same to us both when at sea.
 If a too pow'rful foe in our track did but pass,
 We resolv'd both to live and die free,
 Quick we number'd her guns, and for each took a
 glass,
 Then a broadside we gave her with three.
 Cannon might roar,
 Echo'd from shore,
 'Twas the same to us both when at sea.

Air—Mr. INCLEDON.

THE mind oppressed—by sleep may hope,
 To sooth corroding grief:

What

What hope, alas, if wayward love,
 Denies its kind relief ?
 Rise then, my fair—thy slumbers cease,
 And blest thy faithful swain ;
 Whose bosom only beats for thee,
 Thy absence all his pain.
 The mimic death; oh, quick forfaze ;
 Awake, my love—my love, awake !

Duet—Mr. INCLEDON and Miss DALL.

TILL then adieu,—adieu, my love ;
 May no untoward fate decree,
 To blight our hopes in early bud,
 And tear my charmer far from me.
 “ Believe me to my purpose true,
 “ Till next we meet—adieu, adieu !

Air.—Mr. FAWCETT.

LOVE’s fev’rish fit
 Shall intermit,
 If ought my heart avail ;
 By searching pill,
 I’ll try my skill ;—
 Should that prescription fail,
 All my skill can invent,
 This pair to torment,
 Emetic, cathartic, and lotion ;
 Dilute, starve, and feed,
 Cup, plaster, and bleed,
 Couch, scarify, gargle, and potion.
 Next a bolus of bitters these lovers must swallow,
 And a sharp biting blister shall instantly follow.

Air.

Air.—Mrs. MARTYR.

INDEED, good Sir, I almost fear,
 To trust myself with you so near :
 For should you now advantage take,
 And steal a kiss—I vow I quake—
 You should not make such wanton trips ;
 I'd squall unless—*you seal'd my lips.*

Then pray forbear, nor dare intrude,
 Tho' night should tempt you to be rude ;
 For should you think to snatch a kiss,
 A step so bold—I'd think amiss ;
 Nor suffer you to make such trips,
 But squall, unless—*you seal'd my lips.*

Air.—Mrs. BLANCHARD.

THE shipwreck'd tar, on billows toss'd,
 Lash'd to some plank, and sighing :
 The land in view he hop'd to gain,
 Himself o'erwhelm'd and dying,
 Could scarce conceive the joy I feel,
 Thus chang'd my hapless doom ;
 Should fortune save him from despair,
 And waft the wand'rer home.

The danger past, his bosom calm,
 On friendly aid relying ;
 He soon forgets the scene that's past,
 Each future ill defying.
 Thus I so late an outcast sad,
 No pleasing view to cheer,
 Protected by your generous love,
 I find a haven here.

•
Air.

Air.—Mr. JOHNSTONE.

IN freedom I'd live, though your slave I may be,
 Sing farinina, sing farinane,
 O then to your arms, my sweet creature, take me,
 Who'll not lie while I'm telling the truth, dy'e see.
 With my chic a che ourilow la lara la lara la le.

And if while you love, from a breast full of hate,
 Sing farinina, sing farinane,
 You make me a widow in spite of old fate,
 When dead you shall never again see me, mate,
 With my chic a che ourilow la lara la lara le.

Then whilst we stand still, let us pleasure pursue,
 Sing farinina, sing farinane ;
 I hate to look backwards when beauty's in view,
 For the sight that is black always makes me look blue.
 With my chic a che ourilow la lara la lara la le.

In all the wide world were no woman but you,
 Sing farinina, sing farinane ;
 The rest I'd forsake and to you would be true,
 Then your Irishman love,—ogh ! I see that you do.
 With my chic a che ourilow la lara lara la le.

SONGS, &c.

IN THE FARCE OF

HARTFORD BRIDGE ;
AS PERFORMED AT COVENT GARDEN.

Rondeau.—Mrs. CLENDILLON.

AMIDST the illusions that o'er the mind flutter,
 I will not forget my true object of love !
 At parting, the fondest concern did he utter :
 I left him !—but yet this heart never shall rove ;
 O no—this heart never shall rove !

He

He bade me farewell ; and my fancy repeated
 His tender expressions for many a day :
 And I think, were I now, unperceiv'd, near him
 seated,
 From his lips I shou'd still hear the soft homage
 stray !

AIR.—MR. MUNDEN.

THRO' France, thro' all the German regions,
 I've rang'd rare objects to discover ;
 Seen pretty women in such legions,
 I thought myself return'd to Dover !
 Brisk music made me gay,
 And lively all the way ;
 For no tune's dull, that once was merry,
 With him—who love's the *bey down derry* !

The Spanish Belle I've serenaded ;
 And many a night, with the guitar,
 Beneath the lattice-grate paraded :
 Now tinkle, tinkle ; then jar, jar.
 'Twas music made me gay, &c.

The fair of Italy to capture,
 A diff'rent style the men invent-o :
 To her the Canzonet gives rapture,
 " *Nel cor piu non mi sento.*"
 Such music has its day—
 But is not in my way—
 Yet no tune's dull that once was merry,
 With him who love's the *bey down derry*.

Round, wou'd the girls of Russia chatter—
 And view me o'er with looks of pleasure ;
 Their Cymbals sounded *clitter clatter*—
 And they tript in sprightly measure.
 Sweet music made me gay—
 And joyous all the way—

For

For no tune's dull that once was merry,
With him who loves the *hey down derry*.

(5) The repetition of the last STANZA, contains variation, as follows:

Round wou'd the girls of Russia chatter---
---"Only eye him! ---what a wonder!"
Their cymbals sounded clitter clatter,---
And the big drum rumbled thunder!
For Music, &c.



AIR.—MR. INCLEDON.

O! WITH my dearest Clara blest—
This moon-light heath I'd fondly rove!
And, evermore, the path she prest,
Shou'd be review'd with grateful love!

The sweetest virtues store her mind,
To please, to animate, to warm;
Truth, Pity, Tenderness refin'd,
Her beauty forms her humblest charm,

Yet angels, visiting this sphere,
To prove they are of heav'nly race,
And make the wond'ring world revere,
Wou'd wear the likeness of her face!



GLEE—FIELDAIR and OFFICERS.

ERE you "Pass" you shall aid us to drink down
the Moon;
Since in Water alone she is known to delight:
And we'll drink up the Sun;—for the Grape is his
boon,
Which he ripens by day, to inspire us at night.

AIR.—

AIR.—MR. QUICK.

GIRLS shy appear,
 When men first leer ;
 And steal aside,
 As if to *bide* !—
 But daring grown,
 As things get known,
 They giggle, simper,
 Niggle and whimper ;
 And try to lure, where-ever they go,
 The 'Squire, the Jockey, the Rake, the Beau :
 The young, and the old-ones,
 The timid, and bold-ones ;
 Yea, with the grave Parson
 They carry the farce on—
 And all are snar'd in a row.

Of Balls the pride,
 Thus Miss I've ey'd,
 The Minuet pace,
 With *blushing* face.
 But, ere the night
 Had taken flight,
 I've seen her ramping,
 Tearing—tramping !
 Along the room in a COUNTRY-DANCE ;
 Now figuring in with bold advance ;
 Here *setting* and leering,
 There *croffing* and fleering :
 And when that's completed,
 Before she'll be seated,
 A mad SCOTCH-REEL she must prance !

AIR.—

AIR.—MRS. HARLOWE,

ONE night, while round the fire we sat,
 And talk'd of ghosts, and such like chat,
 A stranger, who had lost his road—
 Till day should break—implor'd abode :
 Pack-Horses—'twas his lot to guide along—
 Whose bells the trav'ller clear with ding, ding,
 dong !

Against distres—tho' we were poor—
 My father never shut his door.—
 I know not how—but from that day—
 Tho' form'd by nature brisk and gay—
 I felt within my beating breast a tingling—
 Whene'er the lively Pack-horses bells went jingling,

When first he wander'd to our nook,
 His course, it seems, he had mistook ;
 Now, twice a week he comes that way,
 But never tells us—he's astray ;
 And, in his song, my name I hear him mingling,
 Each time his passing Pack-horse bells go jingling!

—
AIR.—MRS. CLENDILLON.

THO' by the tempest, the bark rudely driven,
 On the rock strikes, and asunder is riven !
 Still the magnet, ingulf'd in the main,
 Its virtues unalter'd retain.
 So the passion, he posess'd,
 Ne'er can perish ;
 But its greetings,
 And fond beatings,
 Will I cherish,
 'Mid the storms that rend this breast !

THE HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

MR. INCLEDON.

FOR England, when, with fav'ring gale,
 Our gallant ship up channel steer'd,—
 And, scudding under easy sail,
 The high blue western land appear'd ;
 'To heave the lead the seaman sprung,
 And to the Pilot clearly sung,
 " By the Deep—Nine ! "

And, bearing up—to gain the port,
 Some well-known object kept in view ;
 An Abbey-tow'r, an Harbour-fort,
 Or Beacon, to the vessel true :
 While oft the lead the seamen sprung,
 And to the Pilot clearly sung,
 " By the Mark—Seven ! "

And, as the much-lov'd shore we near—
 With transport we beheld the roof,
 Where dwelt a friend, or partner dear,
 Of faith and love a matchless proof !
 The lead once more the seaman sprung.
 And to the watchful Pilot sung,
 " Quarter-less—Five ! "

☞ The expressions "Nine" and "Seven" in the first and second Stanza of the preceding Ballad, mean that the water is so many fathoms in depth.—The termination of the third, intimates, that the water is a Quarter of a Fathom, less, than Five Fathoms.

AIR.

AIR.—FINALE AND CHORUS.

THE hour, with disaster and sorrow o'er cast,
Not a minute beyond its fix'd limit can last ;
'Then why waste a second in steril regret,
And in counting o'er troubles we ought to forget ?

C H O R U S.

Brisk wine, and the mirth-pointed jeer,
The sonnet, and Beauty's soft leer,
Shall clear up the flight of Old Time,
And restore him again to his prime.

Chorus. — Shall cheer up, &c.

Let the virgin and youth, in the festive dance rove,
And wear on their foreheads the myrtles of Love ;
And when old-age approaches, give proof while
they sing,
That the last month in winter, is nearest to spring.

C H O R U S.

With the pipe of the pastoral swain,
Be united the wife's shriller strain ;
And may Peace on our isle fix her throne,
And no more by her pinions be known !

Chorus. — And may Peace, &c.



S O N G S, &c.

IN THE OPERA OF THE
PIRATES,
AS PERFORMED AT THE
KING'S - THEATRE, HAY - MARKET.

ALTADOR.—Mr. KELLY.

SOME device my aim to cover,
Deign kind Fortune to suggest,
Shall I boldly own I love her?
No—My first design is surely best.

Yet I a wily foe engage ;
Caution is the shield of age ;
Hence, vain fears, my heart disgracing ;
Love, on the assurance placing.

From thy glorious cause ne'er swerving,
Thou shalt every doubt repress,
Fortune's smiles the bold deserving,
Confidence ensures success.

BLAZIO.—

BLAZIO—Mr. BANNISTER, JUN.

OH, the pretty creature,
 When next I chance to meet her,
 No more for an afs
 Shall Blazio pass,
 But gallantly will I treat her—
 Oh, the pretty, pretty creature.

But when her wicked charming eyes,
 Where e'er they roll flash such surprise,
 I like an awkward silly clown,
 When she looks up, must needs look down—
 Oh, the pretty, pretty creature, &c.

I'll boldly dare her fearful charms,
 March up and clasp her in my arms ;
 Despair gives courage oft to men,
 And should she smile, why then—why then—
 Oh, pretty, pretty creature, &c.

GUILLERMO—Mr. SEDGWICK.

THERE, the moon-silver'd waters roam,
 And wanton o'er unsteady sand,
 Spangling with their starry foam,
 The tow'ring clift that guards the land.

There screaming sea bird flits,
 Dips in the wave his dusky form ;
 Or on the rocky turret fits,
 Th' exulting Dæmon of the storm.

There, as village legends tell,
 Many a shipwreck'd seaman's ghost
 Listens to the distant knell,
 When midnight glooms the fatal coast.

AURORA.—Mrs. CROUCH.

As wrapt in sleep I lay,
 Fancy assur'd her sway.
 A voice, which spoke despair,
 Cried, Mourn thy lover banished.
 Cold, cold, beneath the main,
 Lies he in battle slain.
 Mourn, mourn, thou wretched fair,
 All hope from thee is vanish'd ;”
 Upon the rock I stood :
 Forth from the foaming flood,
 Arose the lovely form
 Of him who now is banish'd.
 Loose flow'd his auburn hair ;
 Gored was his bosom, bare.
 Sinking amid the storm
 He sigh'd “ adieu,” and vanish'd,

AIRS FROM THE PIRATES.

AURORA—Mrs. CROUCH.

LOVE like the opening flower,
 That courts the morning dew,
 Gave promise every hour
 To bring new charms to view.

But

But see the fatal storm,
 Of tyrant power arise !
 Blighted its beauteous form,
 The hapless flow'ret dies.

FABULINA, MARIETTA, &c.

SIGNORA STORACE AND MISS DU CAMP.

LET mirth and joy appear
 Their jocund tale to tell !
 Charming the list'ning ear
 And drown the envious bell.

ALTADOR—MR. KELLY.

MEMORY repeating,
 Past joys to soothe my soul ;
 Hope points where pleasures greeting,
 In bright succession roll.
 Revenge, content defeating,
 I shun thy dire controul.

Jealousy no longer heeding,
 Shall I her fatal wiles obey ;
 Ne'er again my bliss impeding,
 Will I own Suspicion's fway.

Her constancy my soul transporting,
 With joys too vast to be express'd ;
 See fav'ring Love my presence courting,
 I come, I hasten to be bless'd.

A CAN-

A CANTATA.

KNIGHTS-errant of old.
 By their titles we're told,
 Thought more of their stomachs than fame ;
 Each knight from some treat,
 Some plant or some meat,
 Uncourteously borrowed his name.

Scotch Tune—*Corn Rigs.*

De'el burn you all, quoth St. Andrew,
 Let other Knights gang whistle,
 The bonny Scotman kens his foes,
 And scratches with his thistle.

Welch—*Ob be de nos.*

Now, Cotsblood, quoth St. David,
 Oh, pless the Leek !
 Indeed the Welch Knight peats the Scot ;
 Oh, pless the Leek !
 Milk, Cheeze, and Curds, and Nanny Goats,
 With other treats we Taffies view,
 And tear and swear, and fight, look you ;
 Oh, pless the Leek !

French.—*Young Collin stole my heart away.*

St. Dennis dî, mes chere amis,
 En verite behold a me,
 We French Kings dance away d'ye see,
 And fight for Frogs and Fricassee,

Irish—*Ally Croaker.*

St. Patric hot as lightning, with whisky and Bumbo,
 Cried out—don't bother thus with noise and Hurlo
 Thrumbo;
 Here's one with his Shilaly will suddenly all beat ye,
 Unless your Frog and Thistles yields to Pat and his
 Potaty,
 Oh, the plump Potaty,
 The pretty plump Potaty.

English—*Rule Britannia.*

When Errant Knights in proud array,
 Assembled first on Clermont's plain,
 This was the burden of their lay,
 And every Champion join'd the strain :
 St. George for ever ! for ever live the chief,
 St. George, Old England, and, roast beef !
 Oh the roast beef of Old England,
 And, oh the Old English roast beef !

THE COMPACT OF FREEDOM.

[*Inserted by the particular Desire of Miss SOANES, Borough, whom we are under an obligation to favor, being a Subscriber*]

WHEN Heaven-born Freedom hail'd this happy
 Isle,
 The first emporium in her wide domain :
 This great behest, with a cheerful smile
 She will'd : and never may Freedom will in vain.
 “ Wou'd ye possess the sweets of Liberty,
 “ Britons be Loyal ! so shall ye be free.”

A Briton

" A Briton blind to duty's pleasing force,
 " 'Tis as if spirits should from bodies stray ;
 " Or erring planets wander from their course,—
 " Eclips'd the influence of the solar ray.
 " Wou'd ye possess, &c."

" Such duty from the grateful heart as flows,
 " To bounteous Heaven, for benefits that fall ;
 " Such duty as the Son the Father owes,
 " Owe you your King ! the Father of you all."
 " Wou'd ye possess, &c."

Rejoice ye Britons !—Freedom's sons rejoice !
 Land in your grateful lays a patriot King ;
 Fir'd with one soul—one sentiment—one voice,
 To ratify the glorious Compact, sing.
 So may we taste the sweets of Liberty ;
 As we are Loyal, so may we be free.

THE PROGRESS OF LIBERTY.

[Never before in Print,—inserted by the particular
 Desire of a Correspondent.]

Tune—“ *Britannia rules the Waves.*”

HARK ! hark ! on yonder distant shore,
 The noisy din of war I hear ;
 The sword's unsheathe'd—the cannons roar,
 And Gallia's sons in arms appear.
 'Tis France, 'tis France, the people cry.
 Fighting for sacred Liberty.

Tho'

Tho' num'rous armies her invade ;
 Of warlike slaves, a barb'rous host :
 Of Despots crown'd, a grand crusade,
 To crush her Liberty they boast.
 But France like Britain will be free,
 Or bravely die for Liberty.

No more the grinding hand of pow'r,
 The op'ning bud of reason blights ;
 On Eagles wings fair truth shall tow'r,
 For man begins to know his rights.
 The iron yoke we crumbling see,
 Beneath the Cap of Liberty.

Go on great souls, no dangers fear,
 Thy glorious standard high erect ;
 When freemen to it will repair,
 And Providence your cause protect.
 Go plant on distant shores the tree,
 Sacred to god-like Liberty.

No dreams of conquest you inspire,
 Great nature's cause depends on thee ;
 Europe will catch the sacred fire,
 And bid adieu to slavery.
 Then raise your warlike banners high,
 And rally under Liberty.

No longer war, of Kings the spoil,
 Usurping nations shall divide ;
 Nor stain with blood each fruitful soil,
 By Nature form'd to be allied.
 But Britons hope the world to see,
 Unite in Peace and Liberty.

TOBY TOSSPOT.

My name's Toby Tosspot, come hither to me,
 And pass the dull moments, to flincher you'll see,
 With drink, mirth, and song,
 I the moments prolong,
 From morning to night,
 'Tis all my delight

To push round the bumper as brisk as a bee,
 For good liquor is sweet as its honey to me.

To tipple all day I consider no crime,
 Or indeed all the night, for I never heed time,
 For I laugh and I sing,
 Drink a health to the king,
 I have no time to spare,
 For thinking or care,

But I push-round the bumper as brisk a bee,
 For good liquor's as sweet as its honey to me.

As time circle round, we know all must decay,
 Then give me good liquor to moisten my clay;
 Let my life run its date,
 I care not for fate,
 I have no time to spare,
 For thinking or care,

But I push round the bumper as brisk as a bee,
 For good liquor's as sweet as its honey to me.



THE MARSEILLES MARCH.

SUNG BY THE MARSEILLES GOING TO BATTLE,
BY GENERAL KELLERMAN'S ARMY,
AND AT THE THEATRE IN PARIS.

YE Sons of France awake to glory !
Hark ! hark ! what myriads bid you rise,
Your children, wives, and grandfires hoary ;
Behold their tears and hear their cries,
Shall hateful tyrants—mischief breeding—
With hireling hots—a ruffian band—
Affright—and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding !

CHORUS.

To arms ! to arms ! ye brave
Th' avenging sword unsheathe—
March on ! march on ! all hearts resolv'd—
On victory or death.

Now ! now ! the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treach'rous kings—confederate raise,
The dogs of war let loose are howling,
And lo, our fields and cities blaze !
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spread desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands embruing ?
To arms ! ye brave, &c.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile infatiate despots dare
Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,
To unite and vend the light and air,

K

Like

Like beasts of burden would they load us—

Like gods, would bid their slaves adore,

But man is man—and who is more !

Then shall they longer lash and goad us.

To arms, ye brave, &c.

O liberty ! can man resign thee,

Once having felt thy gen'rous flame ?

Can dungeons—bolts—and bars confine thee,

Or whips, thy noble spirit tame ?

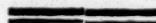
Too long the world has wept bewailing,

That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,

But freedom is our sword and shield,

And all their arts are unavailing.

To arms, ye brave, &c.



THE JOYS OF THE COUNTRY.

LET bucks and let bloods to praise London agree,
O the joys of the country my jewel for me,
Where sweet is the flow' er which the May bush
adorns,

And how charming to gather it but for the thorns ;
Where we walk over the mountains, with health
our cheeks glowing,

As warm as a toast, honey, when it an't snowing,
Where nature to smile when she joyful inclines,
And the fun charms us all the year round when it
shines.

CHORUS.

O the mountains, and vallis, and bushes,
The pigs, and the screech owls and thrushes,
Let bucks and let bloods to praise London agree,
O the joys of the country my jewel for me.

There

There twelve hours on a stretch we in angling
delight,
As patient as Jobs, though we ne'er get a bite,
There we pop at the wild-ducks and frighten the
crows,
While so lovely the icicles hang to our cloaths ;
There wid aunts, and wid coulins, and grandmo-
ders talking,
We are caught in the rain while we're all out a
walking,
While the muslins and gauzes cling round each fair
she,
That they look all like Venus's sprung from the sea.

Then how sweet in the dog-days to take the fresh air,
When to save you expence the dust powders your
hair,
Thus pleasures like snow-balls increase as they roll,
And tire you to death, not forgetting the bowl ;
With mirth and good fellowship always uniting,
We agree, that is, when we're not squabbling and
fighting,
Wid good toasts and pint bumpers we bodd'er the
head,
Just to see who most gracefully staggers to bed.

HOLIDAY TIME.

BY W. K.

Tune—The Flowing Can.

A MERRY life's, a life for me,
I own I love it dearly,
When Easter comes I then agree,

K 2

For

For mirth to rise up early,
 Then with a smile I haste away—
 So sprucely drest—in all my best,
 There's no one is more gay
 Then with a flash,
 I cut a dash,
 No harm I find in this ;
 But with an air,
 To Greenwich fair,
 I go :—to toy and kiss ;
 For while good-humor's found,
 And mirth, and joy goes round,
 As pleasure points the way,
 I romp little,
 And laugh a little,
 And sing a little,
 And drink a little,
 And dance a little,
 And kiss a little,
 And thus keep holiday.

With hearty lads I join,
 My mind to fear a stranger,
 If love and mirth is mine,
 Where then can be the danger ?
 There's none, that I can find is nigh !
 For in and out
 And round about,
 As wild as birds we fly,
 Up hill, down dale,
 With joy we sail,
 To hear the fiddle's sound,
 We trip along,
 Or tune a song,
 Such pleasure then is found,
 We ne'er give way to fear,
 Or that old miser care,

To



To pass time away,
 We romp a little,
 And laugh a little,
 And sing a little,
 And drink a little,
 And dance a little,
 And kiss a little,
 And thus keep holiday.

From pleasure who would be debar'd,
 While blest'd with youth and beauty ?
 Each lad, and lass, would think it hard,
 For love with youth's a duty,
 Then while we can we'll sing and laugh,
 To mirth and fun,
 With rapture run,
 The sparkling glass we'll quaff,
 Drink to the best,
 I do protest,
 Who still are kind and gay,
 No danger near,
 We banish fear,
 Good-humor to display ;
 For while that pleasure's found,
 And mirth and joy goes round,
 To pass the time away ;
 We romp a little,
 And laugh a little,
 And sing a little,
 And drink a little,
 And dance a little,
 And kiss a little,
 And thus keep holiday.



ROSY MAY.

BY DESIRE OF A FEMALE SUBSCRIBER.

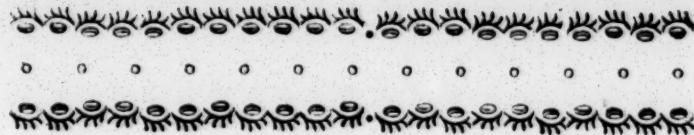
WHEN rural lads, and lasses gay,
 Proclaim'd the birth of Rosy May,
 When round the May-pole on the green,
 The rustic dancers all are seen ;
 'Twas there young Jocky met my view,
 His like before I never knew,
 He pip'd so sweet, and dance so gay,
 Alas ! he danc'd my heart away.

At eve, when cakes and ale when round,
 He plac'd him next me on the ground ;
 With harmless mirth and pleasing jest,
 He shone more bright than all the rest :
 He talk'd of love, and press'd my hand,
 Ah ! who could such youth withstand ;
 Well pleased I heard what he could say,
 His charms has stole my heart away.

He often heav'd a tender sigh,
 While raptures sparkled in his eye ;
 So winning was grace and air,
 He might the coldest heart ensnare ;
 But when he ask'd me for a bride,
 I promis'd soon and soon compli'd.
 What nymph on earth could say him nay ?
 Alas ! he stole my heart away.



TH



TOASTS

AND

SENTIMENTS.

HARMONY, all over the world.
May the turnpike-road to happiness be free from toll-bars, and the bye ways furnished with guide-posts.
May the blossoms of friendship never be nipped in the bud.
May the Grammar of life be construed without the accidents.
May the tide of fortune float us into the harbour of content.
May friendship be enlivened by good humour, but never wounded by wit.

May

May the Spaniards know HOWE ever to be the conqueror of the seas.

May the time-piece of life be regulated by the dial of Virtue.

May we never want a bait when we fish for content.

May the King always differ from a Vicar's horse—not be guided by a minister.

May sentiment never be sacrificed by the tongue of deceit.

May the smiles of conjugal affection compensate the frowns of fortune.

May the spirit of contradiction be laid asleep, while conviviality and good humor are enlivened by the juice of the vine.

May we ever keep the whip-hand of our enemies.

May every succeeding year strengthen our friendship and increase our prosperity.

May we learn to be frugal before we are obliged to be so.

May we always forget when we forgive an injury.

May the feeling heart possess the fortune the miser abuses.

Pleasures that please on reflection.

The first tribute due to friendship—Gratitude.

May contempt be the fate of such among us as strut in foreign foppery, to the destruction of the trade and manufactures of Great-Britain.

May he who has neither wife, mistres, nor estate in England, never have any share in the government of it.

May temptation never conquer virtue.

Plenty to a generous mind.

May every day be happier than the last.

May we never desire what we cannot obtain.

May virtue be our armour when wickedness is our assailant.

The

The memory of our brave ancestors who brought about the Revolution, and a similar spirit actuate their descendants.

May health paint the cheek, and sincerity the heart.
May poverty be a day's march behind us.

May we breakfast with health, dine with friendship, crack a bottle with mirth, and sup with the gods contentment.

✓ A speedy exportation of all the enemies of Great Britain without a drawback.

May we take reason and patience in the right-hand, and hope in the left.

May the regard we have for our own characters deter us from injuring others.

May the examples of evil produce good, and reward effect that reformation to which punishment has proved ineffectual.

Prosperity to the liberty of the press in asserting the rights of the people—confusion to it when insulting to the sufferings of the sovereign.

May mirth and wisdom always go hand in hand.

May life last as long as it's worth wearing.

May Justice overtake oppression.

Health to the King, prosperity to the People, and may the ministers direct their end avours to the public good, rather than engage in party distinctions.

When bravery secures victory to Britain, may mercy aid the conquest.

May genius and merit never want a friend.

May fortune be always an attendant on virtue.

May we be slaves to nothing but our duty, and friends to nothing but merit.

Frugality without meanness.

May the miser grow poor and the benevolent rich.

Gaiety and innocence.

Merit to win a heart and sense to keep it.

May

May love and reason be friends and beauty and prudence marry.
 May our conscience be found though our fortune be rotten.
 May honesty and industry never go unrewarded.
 May those who inherit the title of gentlemen by birth deserve it by their lives.
 A bottle and friend unto our life's end.
 May our ability for doing good be equalled by our inclination.
 Condescension without meanness, and dignity without pride.
 May the sons of freedom increase and multiply.
 The nation, the Law, and the King.
 May Wisdom and Discretion be our pilots.
 Sincerity in friendship, and constancy in love.
 May ingratitude be punished with reproach.
 Virtue and chastity to the petticoat race.
 May trade encrease with peace and plenty.
 May criticism be circumscribed with candor.
 The harvest of life—love, wit, and good humor.
 What's thought of and least talked of.
 Provision to the unprovided.
 May reason guide the helm when passion blows the gale.
 May the blossoms of friendship never be blighted.
 May we be more ready to correct our own faults, than to publish the faults of others.
 May we never meet an old friend with a new face.
 Success to every real patriot, who thinks, and speaks, only for the good of his country.
 Youth without folly and age without pain.
 May those who would enslave others become slaves themselves.
 The cause for which Hampden bled in the field, and Sydney on the scaffold.
 To a kind female, a generous lover.

May

May our endeavours always be successful when engaged under the banner of justice.
 Health, peace, and plenty.
 May the general toast of England be liberty and honor.
 May we never condemn by hear-say nor applaud by faction.
 May the wings of liberty never want a feather.
 May statesmen with brilliant talents make good use of them.
 May the devil ride rough and hard over the rascally part of the creation.
 Champaign to our real friends and real-pain to our sham ones.
 Honest men and pretty women.
 May the eye of science pierce through the mists of obscurity.
 The friends of freedom, and may our liberties never be swallowed in a Pitt.
 Integrity to those who wear the robes of justice.
 May sure plans be formed to save a sinking state.
 The Constitution Gentlemen
 The face that never paints.
 The resurrection of friendship and the funeral of animosity.
 To the memory of our parted friends.
 May the tree of liberty branch over the world, and every man taste of its fruit.
 Drops of comfort and a draught of delight.
 The pleasure of pleasing realized.
 May our pleasures be boundless while we have time to enjoy them.
 Conscious honor when peace of mind is absent.
 The glorious memory of King William, who saved us from popery, slavery, arbitrary power, wooden shoes, and brass money.
 No revolution in a good constitution.

May

May the opening bud of liberty never be blighted
by the chiling blast of despotism.

The aristocracy of virtue.

May the friends of the bottle never want health,
wealth, roast-beef, and claret.

Peace, liberty, and liberality throughout the world.
Happiness to those who by strive to gain it.

The King, and may he long remain the pillar of
our glorious Constitution.

The People, and may they ever have the leading
hand in Government.

May success attend us, whilst we continue to de-
serve it.

May the endeavors of despots to enslave mankind
ever meet with disgrace and overthrow.

May liberty of thought and action finds its way to
every corner of the earth.

May the glowing and invigorating sun of liberty
spread its enlivening influence throughout the
world.

May honesty, virtue, and genius rise to power and
honors, whilst robbery, folly, and vice sink
into shame and disgrace.



The



